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THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

A Novel in Nine Installments—I

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

IN THESE opening chapters of Mrs. Sedgwick's new novel are recorded the vivid first impressions of the little French girl on arriving in England, where she is to spend a winter with the kindly but somewhat boisterous family of an English officer, Owen Bradley, who was befriended by her mother during the year preceding his death at the battlefront. She is met by Giles, the younger brother of the dead officer, who proves to be friendly but unaccountably reticent in regard to her mother.

A CLOCK struck eight. Alix heard its notes sound through the station, and they seemed to glide downwards rather than to fall, for such air, heavy with fog and tumult, was too thick for falling, — so mused the little French girl, sitting straightly in a corner of the waiting-room at Victoria, hungry, sleepy, frightened,— and she counted them as they emerged, seeing them as bronzed drones that softly pushed their way forth from among the thickets of hot thyme in the *jardin potager* at Montarel. Yet what could be more unlike Montarel than this grim and murky scene? What more unlike that air, tranced with sunlight and silence, than this dense atmosphere?

Two women stopped on their way out and looked at her. Alix knew that she might look younger than her years. Her bobbed hair was childish, rather than fashionable, in length; her reefer coat and stout shoes were such as children wear,—and so she had told Maman when she bought them for her at "Old England." No wonder that the women spoke of her with curiosity, perhaps with solicitude, and she drew herself up more straightly, wrapping

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her cold arms in the scarf that muffled her shoulders, and fixing blank eyes above their heads. She did not like pity, and she did not like to be seen as young, lonely, and perhaps abandoned. She was glad when the women passed on. They were kind, but very ugly,—like earthenware jugs.

All the people here on this day of grey and purple flesh tones looked like jugs. Their eyes were joyless yet untragic. They wore their hats too far back. Their clothes expressed no happiness. She did not think that they could feel ecstasy, ever, or despair. Yet they were the people of Captain Owen. And she could not be abandoned, for Captain Owen's family could not fail her. It was only some mistake; but more than the strokes of the clock, the women's eyes made her feel how late it was. Far away, across the leaden waters of the November channel, she saw the *petit déjeuner* in Paris that morning, with Maman before the wood fire, her beauty still clouded by sleep,—sweet, sombre, and gay as only Maman could be, her russet locks tossed back, and her white arms bare in the white woollen peignoir. "They will, I know, be good to my darling," said Maman, buttering her roll while Albertine brought in the coffee, "and keep her warm and well-fed through this hard winter."

Freshness and force breathed from Maman. She knew what she was doing, and Alix saw herself powerless in her hands. Yet she could read her too. Even though she could not always interpret the words, she could always read Maman. She had felt that morning that Maman's heart was not at ease. It was true that the Armistice had been signed, but the war was hardly over, and everything would be more expensive than ever this winter. It was true that she was going to friends, though to unknown friends; to the family of their dear Captain Owen, killed in battle only nine months ago. He had so often said that they must know his family, and they had written so kindly and said that Giles would meet her. But if all this were so natural, why had she felt a touch of artifice in Maman's manner? Perhaps they did not really want her. And perhaps there was some mistake and they did not expect her tonight. If no one came, what was she to do? She had only five shillings in her purse, changed, as Maman had directed her, on the steamer.

She leaned back and closed her eyes, and again the vision of

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Montarel swam before her memory. Strange that it should be Montarel that she had not seen for years; but the clock and the drones had brought it, and once again the scent of the magnolias was around her, the heat of crumbling stones, and there went Grandpère with his dragging footsteps, his white beard and jutting nose giving him still the air of a commandant,—but so old, so ill, so poor, and so despairing. She was seeing the dreadful summer day when the opulent gentleman from Paris had arrived in his motor to take away the Clouets, the day that had revealed to her what Grandpère's poverty must be. With a child's awed heart, half comprehending, Alix had followed the old servant Mélanie and the stranger up the winding staircase in the turret, to the little room where the silvery Clouets hung. There were Mouverays among them, frigidly smiling in their ruffs, and Mélanie, mute, grim, inscrutable, helped the gentleman from Paris take them down, wrap them up, and carry them downstairs and across the courtyard to the waiting car. Poor, poor Grandpère! It had always frightened her a little to see Grandpère, and it frightened her a little now to remember him: the commandant, defeated, broken, yet still with that sombre fire smouldering in his eyes.

It was because of Maman that his footsteps had dragged and his eyes had fixed themselves so obstinately on the ground; perhaps it was because of Maman that the Clouets had been sold: Maman who was his daughter-in law and who did not bear his name. "*La belle Madame Vervier; divorcée, vous savez.*" The phrase came back to her, with its knife-like cut, as she had first heard it whispered. It conjured up a vision of harsh, cruel repudiation, of Maman driven forth from Montarel, running out at the courtyard door, down the steep road, like one of the hapless princesses in the fairy-tales. Her father's portrait hung in the dining-room at Montarel; she had never seen him. He was in uniform, young, though gray-haired, with stern lips and cold blue eyes, like Grandpère's,—like her own. She was a Mouveray, in every tint and feature,—yet how unlike them! For though, by chance currents, such other aspects of the story as a child may apprehend came drifting to her, the first picture of harsh repudiation made a background to the later knowledge, and she saw Maman as a flower or delicate fruit, crushed and

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broken between stony hands. Passionately she was Maman's child; passionately she repelled Grandpère's hatred. Yet her heart ached for him; and his sadness flowed into her as she sat with closed eyes thinking of him,—Grandpère dead and the chateau sold; the sunny old chateau on the hill that she would never see again.

Chapter II

Alix opened her eyes. Some one was standing still before her. Of all the footsteps that came and went, these had stopped. For a moment she stared bewildered at the young man in khaki, forgetting where she was and how she had come there. Then a jostling, irrelevant crowd of recent memories pressed forward: "They will be glad to see my darling;" the grey channel; the faces like earthenware jugs. And even before she had identified him as Monsieur Giles, a suffocating relief rose in her at the sight of him, while, strangely, one more memory seemed to offer itself with a special significance: the memory of Maman, herself, and Captain Owen standing together in the Place de la Concorde and of Maman's voice saying to him, "We are not like you, *mon ami*. Tocsins, tumbrils, trumpets are in our blood,—St. Bartholemew, the Revolution, Napoleon. Your history knows no rivers of blood and no arches of triumph."

It was Monsieur Giles, of course, and he was like Captain Owen, only *en laid*. He was tall and young and grave, with round solemn eyes staring at her, and a big mouth. And he was very good; that she saw at once. And then she saw that he was deeply troubled. "I'm so horribly sorry," was what he said. But it was more embarrassment at the miscarriage of their meeting and dismay at her plight, though the echo of her own distressful state came to her from his face. She, who seemed to have been fashioned by life to read the signs of discomfort and restraint in the faces of those about her, knew now unerringly that this good young man who had no tocsins or tumbrils in his blood was deeply troubled. "I'm so horribly sorry," he repeated, and seized her dressing-case,—Maman's old discarded one with the tarnished monogram, H. de M., from which the crest had fallen away. "You've been here for hours," he said. "Your mother's letter didn't give the day. Her wire only came this

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afternoon, late. We are a good way from London and trains are bad." His voice accepted it all for himself; but she knew that the mistake had been Maman's,—Maman so forceful, so practical, yet so careless too.

"Have you had anything to eat?" Monsieur Giles almost shouted at her. "Where's your box? Is this all? I'm so horribly sorry."

"Yes, this is all. It's all over now; not so long, really. I was afraid to go to the restaurant lest I should miss you." Her English was so good that she saw him at once a little reassured. His face, as he seized her box in his other hand, echoed her smile as it had echoed her distress. It echoed people's feelings easily.

"Let me take the bag; you cannot carry all," said Alix. But he shoved himself sideways through the door and then held it open while she passed out, commenting as he did so, "But I say, you're not a child!"

"A year makes a great difference," said Alix. "And I was already fifteen when Captain Owen first saw me, last October, in Cannes."

Monsieur Giles said nothing to this and she wondered what Captain Owen had written of her and Maman after that first meeting. Now they were sitting opposite each other at a little table that seemed to have a great many cruets and salt-cellars upon it. It was a very bright and very ugly room, and through the doors came the muffled roar of incoming trains; but after the waiting-room it was home-like. She was safe with Monsieur Giles.

He showed beautiful white teeth when he smiled. They were his only beauty; though she liked his fig-colored eyes. His face was vehement, almost violent in structure, with a prominent nose and so high a top to his head that it seemed to be boiling over. Though he looked kind, he looked as though he could get angry rather easily, with a steady, reasonable anger; and the more she observed him the less she found him like his brother. Captain Owen's lips, though broad, had been delicately curved, and his nut-shaped eyes had always seemed to smile a little lazily. Sweetness rather than strength had been in his face, and an air of taking everything lightly. She had always felt of him that he would fight just as if he were playing tennis; whereas

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when Giles fought, she felt sure, he would clench his teeth and look fierce and sick. And though he was younger than Captain Owen, he was far more worn, and he was not at all *homme du monde.*

Captain Owen had always struck them as *homme du monde;* but even Maman could not have been sure about that, since she had so emphatically impressed upon Alix that she was to define for her with exactitude the social status of the Bradleys. Maman was sure they were not *noblesse;* but Alix was to tell her whether they were *petite noblesse* or *haute bourgeoisie*, or, *tout simplement, commerçants.* "At all events they are rich, I am sure of that," said Maman.

But Alix, as she ate her fish and looked across at Monsieur Giles, was not sure. He was rather shabby; even for an old uniform.

Chapter III

After a night spent at the flat of Monsieur Giles' aunt in Chelsea, Alix found herself once more in a train. The third-class carriage was not foul and wooden as it would have been in France, and they had it to themselves. Alix thought she had never seen anything so ugly as the view from the window. It had been too dark to see the *banlieus* of London the night before, on the way up from Newhaven; but they lay all mean and low and toad-colored this morning, wet under the lifted fog, and for as far as the eye could follow there was nothing to be seen but squatting roofs and gaunt factory chimneys.

"I am very glad your family does not live in London," said Alix. She felt more shy of Giles this morning, shut up with him in the intimacy of the chill, smoky carriage, than she had last night in the station dining-room. And it was as if she felt him more shy too. They were making talk a little.

"Wouldn't you have come, if we'd lived in London?"

"Maman would have sent me just the same, I think," said Alix. "She wanted me to know England. And your family, specially, of course. Captain Owen always said I must know his family."

"Oh yes, of course," said Giles. He got up then and looked at the heat regulator and said it was cold, did she mind? There

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seemed to be no heat. They were saving coal. Then he sat down again and fell into a silence, his arms folded, his long legs stretched as best they could, before him, and again they both looked out of the window.

On it went, the dreadful city; but at last furtive squares and triangles of green were stealing into it, and sparsely placed trees edged streets that adventured forth at random, it seemed, to end, almost with a stare of forlorn astonishment, in fields ravaged of every trace of beauty. But the green spread and widened like a kindly tide, and though the brick and slate was incrusted, at intervals, like an eruption upon the land, there were copses and rises of meditative meadow, and the white sky was melting here and there to a timid blue above little hamlets that seemed to have a heart and to be breathing with a life of their own.

"This is better, isn't it?" said Giles, bringing his eyes to her at last.

"Very pretty," said Alix. And it was pretty, though to her eye it was also insignificant and confused, its lack of design teasing her mind with its contradiction of the instinct for order and shapeliness that dwelt there. "I like the little woods. Did you see the girl and the dogs a little while ago? I imagine your sisters look like that."

"Our dogs look like that. Ruth and Rosemary aren't quite so grown up. We have three dogs. Are you fond of them?"

"Oh, very fond; though I have never had a dog of my own. At Montarel I had a cat,—a yellow cat with blue eyes. He was so affectionate and intelligent and remembered me perfectly from year to year. He used to put his paws on my breast and butt against my face. The thought of seeing him again made it easier to bear leaving Maman when my half year at Montarel came round."

"Your half year at Montarel?" Giles asked the question, but she saw that it was after a hesitation. She wondered how much Captain Owen had told them. She felt suddenly that she would rather, far, herself tell Giles everything there was to tell. "I spent half the year with Grandpère at Montarel and half with Maman in Paris. Did you not know? My mother and father were parted. They were divorced. But it could not have been more Maman's error, since the judge allowed her to have

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me for half the time. And since my father died when I was hardly more than a baby, it was Grandpère who had me for that side of the family."

Giles was making it easy. He was looking at her with no sign of discomfort. "Oh yes," he said, and then added, "And when your grandfather died? Was there no one else on his side of the family?"

Alix shook her head. "I am the last of the Mouverays. That was why the chateau was sold and why Maman has me now entirely. She was very glad; and so was I. I loved my grandfather; but of course I love my mother best."

"You have the comfort of knowing that Paris is only a few hours away," said Giles, smiling.

"Ah, but Cannes isn't. She spends the winters at Cannes. I was with her there, you know, when Captain Owen met us."

"We heard all about your kindness to him," said Giles. "You may be sure we are a very grateful family." He spoke with great heartiness, and though she felt something a little forced in it, there was nothing forced in his evident kindness towards herself.

"And you may be sure we heard all about you," said Alix. "All about Ruth and Rosemary and Francis and Jack. What a large family you are! It must be very happy being so many."

"I say!" laughed Giles, "You have a good memory. To get us in our order, too!"

"But how could I forget, when he told us so much. We saw all your photographs. I would not have known you from yours. And there was Toppie. After your mother he talked most about Toppie. I shall see her, too, shall I not?"

It was as if she had struck him. The violent red that mounted to his face was echoed in Alix's cheeks. It was as if, with her innocent words, she had struck him, and in the silence that followed, while he gazed at her and she, helplessly, gazed back, she saw that what had underlain the confusion of yesterday had simply been suffering.

He tried to master it, to conceal it. In a moment he stammered, "Oh, he talked most about Toppie, did he?"

"Was she not his betrothed?" asked Alix in a feeble voice. She felt exhausted. He had struck her too.

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"Of course she was," said Giles, and his eyes now lifted from her face and fixed themselves over her head on Maman's dressing-case.

"And—is she not still living?"

"Toppie? Living?" His eyes came back to her. "I should rather say so. You see," he went on at once, though Alix could not see the relevance, "She was so horribly cut up by his death."

"Of course," Alix murmured. "I am so sorry. I should not have spoken of him at all. I did not mean to be stupid, unfeeling."

"But, good heavens, you're not stupid! Not a bit unfeeling!" cried Giles, and, seeing her distress, his eyes actually filled with tears. "It's not Owen at all. We often speak of him. It's Toppie. And it's I who am such a dunderhead. You see, she's all that's left of him. I mean, all that's loveliest,—most sacred. She cared for him so much. She's like something in a shrine, to us all."

"Yes, I see. I understand," said Alix, though still she could not see. "I spoke lightly. I do not forgive myself."

"But it's nothing to do with you," Giles almost shouted as he had shouted at her last night. "I always get like that when she's talked about—with him. It's absolutely *my* stupidity," Giles assured her.

There was nothing for her to say. She had blundered, and a sense of depression, dark like the London fog, penetrating and bitter like the London smoke, settled upon her.

"Here's the station! There's Mummy!" cried Giles. They had sat silent, and now he sprang up as if with great gaiety. He was doing his best. He was trying to make her forget. It was a little stupid of him if he thought he could succeed, Alix felt; but she summoned a responsive smile with which to greet Giles' mother. She recognized her at once as the train slid into the little station. She stood there, tall and slender, wistful and intent, with her spare gray tweed skirt and black hat and scarf, and hair straying about her ears,—as shy, as gentle as a girl. She must be fifty, yet Maman, unflawed and radiant in her thirty-seven summers, had a greater maturity of aspect. "She is innocent," thought Alix; not clearly seeing, yet deeply feeling, the meaning of the word.

She was walking beside the train, smiling up at them, her

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hand laid on the window of their carriage, and Giles did not wait for it to stop before he sprang out beside her and kissed her, doffing his cap. There was no confusion, no trouble, in the eyes of Giles' mother; these eyes had nothing to hide; they were only shy and sweet and sad. She did not speak at first. She took Alix by the hand and stood so holding her while Giles got out the dressing-case, and then led her along beside them, glancing down at her as they went, and Alix saw that, with all the memories her own presence recalled, words were too difficult.

Giles was telling of the Victoria disaster.

"Two hours! How dreadful!" Mrs. Bradley was exclaiming. "What must you have thought of us, Alix. But there always *are* mistakes about meetings. Dreadful things always *do* seem to happen. Shall I drive, Giles dear? Or sit behind with Alix so that we can talk? That will be best I think."

They drove over commons and along woodland roads. The air was white and chill, yet dimly transfused with sunlight, and there was a smell of wet pine trees and wet withered heather. Alix's spirits lifted a little with the scent and swiftness, and they lifted still further, seeming, like the sky, to show a rift of blue, when in her gentle, slightly hoarse voice, Mrs. Bradley said, "Is your mother well, dear? How did you leave her?"

This was the first inquiry about Maman she had heard. Giles, she remembered it now, had volunteered not a remark or question. "She wrote so kindly," said Mrs. Bradley. "She understood, I know, how much we hoped to see you here. I wish she could have come too. My dear son so often wrote about you both, from Cannes. He said you made him think of Jeanne d'Arc, and your mother of Madame Récamier. I'm glad you still do your hair like that," said Mrs. Bradley, smiling shyly, and Alix saw that she had forgotten nothing and that all the links that Giles had ignored were cherished by her. There were links, however, that she would not see. That must be, Alix reflected, what she had felt as her innocence. The pleasure that her coming might give to the Bradleys had never been part of Maman's motive. She could hear Maman saying of Mrs. Bradley, "*Un peu be-bête, n'est-ce pas, chérie?*" Mrs. Bradley was simple; but she was not *bête*. Alix felt that she understood Mrs. Bradley as Maman would not understand her, and it was

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perhaps because of this that Mrs. Bradley spoke presently about her dead son, for to any one who did not understand her she could not have spoken. She would never be *bête* about things like that. Alix told her of their walks above the sea at Cannes, of how much he had had to tell them of flowers and birds.

"Oh yes, the birds, he loved them," said Mrs. Bradley, turning away her eyes that were full of tears. She was like this November day with its suffused sunlight, and fresh, sad fragrance; there were no tocsins or trumpets in her blood either, yet she knew as well as Maman what suffering was. And as Alix thought of Captain Owen's death and of what his mother must have felt, there rose in her memory a picture of a spring morning in Paris. She had been standing at the window looking at the flower-woman on the corner opposite, and she had heard Maman suddenly, behind her, saying "*Dieu! Dieu! Dieu!*" And looking round, she had seen her with the letter in her lap and had read the catastrophe in her white face and horror-filled eyes. So many of their friends had fallen in the war, but for none of them had Maman mourned as she had for Captain Owen.

The car turned now, with careful swiftness, into an entrance gate which opened against a well-clipped hedge. A curve among trees brought them in front of a large house, red brick below, gables above with beams and plaster,—a great many gables, a great many creepers, and large windows open to the air. A kind, capacious house, promising comfort; but how ugly, thought Alix, as they alighted. It was difficult to believe that from its smug portals Captain Owen and Giles had gone forth to tragedy.

Two girls, at the sound of the car, had burst out upon the steps, and three dogs: an Irish terrier, a fox terrier, and a West Highland terrier. "I like him best," thought Alix of the last, and they bounded in the air while the girls shouted.

"I say, Giles, you did serve us a turn last night! Your wire never got here until this morning! We sat up till eleven!"

They wore knitted jumpers and had corn-colored hair and pink faces. They were delighted to see their brother back after his misadventures; the dogs were delighted to see him; only the dogs did not shout, which was an advantage.

"And here is Alix," said Mrs. Bradley, who had stooped to take the appealing fox terrier in her arms. The fox terrier was a

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lady, and old, and the uproar had affected her too much. Mrs. Bradley soothed and reassured her.

Ruth and Rosemary turned their attention to her and cried "Hello" heartily, while they shook her by the hand. "Did you have a good crossing? Are you a good sailor?" asked Rosemary, while Ruth said, "Let me carry up her bag. Do you play hockey? *Jouissez-vous le hockey?*"

"Your French is a disgrace to your family," commented Giles, pulling his sister's rope of hair.

They all went into a hall that had wide windows in unexpected places and an important oak staircase winding up from it, also in an unexpected place. Alix was dimly aware of earnest, cheerful attempts at originality in its design; but the originality did not go beyond the windows and staircase, the high wainscotting and oaken pillars; everything else, from the brasses of the big chimney-piece to the florid cretonnes on the window-seats, followed a bright household formula. The brightness would have been a little oppressive had it not lapsed to a benign shabbiness, and the two good-tempered maids who followed with Alix's box belonged to it all, ornamental in their crisp pink print dresses, yet a little dishevelled.

What it all amounted to, Alix did not clearly know, except that Giles did not really go with the hall, while his sisters did. "Oh well, of course you play tennis," Ruth was saying. "Everybody plays tennis. But you must learn hockey at once. It's the great game at our school and you're nowhere unless you play it. Down Bobby, down!"

"Here's your room," said Rosemary, ushering her in, "It's a jolly room, isn't it? Mummy thought you'd like the one with the view best. The other looks over the kitchen-garden. Put the box here, Edie. Oh, the bathroom is on the landing, that door, you see. We have our baths in the morning and the water doesn't run very hot for more than three. So will you have yours at night? Mummy does, too. Ruth and Giles and I like it best in the morning, and French people don't mind much about baths anyway, do they? Lunch will be ready in twenty minutes. Can you find your way down?" Rosemary added rapidly, her eye on the staircase where Giles was descending. "I want to speak to Giles."

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"No you don't! It's my place to tell him first!" screamed Ruth. "It's about the football, Giles."

"Oh shut up!" shouted Giles, "What a frightful row you're making!"

And Alix at last heard them all hurling down the stairs together. Jock, who was old and melancholy, remained with her, seating himself on the hearthrug and surveying her with kindly but disenchanted eyes. She listened at the door to be sure that they were safely gone. Then she tiptoed softly down and peeped in at the bathroom. It was large and untidy.

She, too, preferred her bath in the morning.

Chapter IV

She was not to escape Ruth and Rosemary for long. Already, at lunch, she felt that Giles, talking gravely with his mother of councils and committees, seemed to have relegated her to their category. Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of the late Mr. Bradley, and Alix felt sure, as she looked up at his pink and yellow, his tweeds and watch-chain and good, shrewd eyes, that Mrs. Bradley's sons must always have interested her more than their father. But she would never have known this, just as she did not know, nor did they, that she was fonder of her boys than of Ruth and Rosemary.

Mrs. Bradley carved. It was a well roasted leg of mutton, that made Alix think of the mutton in "Alice." The potatoes too were roasted, and very nice, and the *entremets* a bread and butter pudding. Mr. Bradley had been nourished on such meals. They would produce Mr. Bradleys.

"Now we will show you everything," said Ruth when luncheon was over. The implication seemed to be that a specially fortunate experience was in store for her. A fond complacency breathed from both girls. "It is natural that one should love one's home," thought Alix, the tolerance of her comprehension giving her childish face a maturity beyond its years.

So she was led from the lawn to the shrubberies, shown where tennis was played in summer and the jolly summerhouse where in summer they had tea. The herbaceous border was indicated to her, and she made the tour of the kitchen-garden. At its far end they emerged by a door and Alix was pleased at the little

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path, bordered by gorse bushes, that ran beneath the wall outside and turned aside over the common. It was a sheltered, solitary little path, and she felt that it might often be a refuge for her. To Ruth and Rosemary its meaning lay in leading somewhere else and they crossed the common and rambled in the birch wood, inciting each other to long jumps over a sluggish stream, half ditch, half brook, that flowed through it, and encouraging the dogs with loud cries to chase the scurrying rabbits on the further hillside.

The girls asked for none of her information, only imparting theirs as if it must, self-evidently, have superior value. Alix heard them with interest when they told of Giles and of his scholastic feats at Oxford, feats interrupted by his departure for the war but now to be resumed. Philosophy was Giles' special branch, and they told her he was going to teach it. Alix knew nothing of philosophers and the word only conjured up a picture of someone aged and bearded who drank hemlock.

"Yes," said Ruth, "he'll be a great man, all right, Giles." And Alix also learned that Ruth and Rosemary both intended following professional careers, that their father had come from the north and had built Heathside, that their mother was a Londoner, and that her father had been editor of an important London paper. "What! Never heard of 'The Liberal!'" Ruth exclaimed. "I should have thought that even French people would have heard of 'The Liberal.'" France, she saw, mainly existed for Ruth and Rosemary as a place where one's brothers had gone to fight and one's friends to nurse.

"And what is the pleasant house?" she inquired of them when, after their walk along the hilltop, they had crossed the wood and emerged again upon the common. It stood, with an air of serenity and detachment, half a mile away, a tall house of pale, eighteenth century brick with a white door and white window-sills, a formal garden before it and a neat hedge dividing it from the road.

"Oh, that's the Rectory,—where Toppie lives," said Ruth.

"Shall I soon see Toppie, do you think?"

"Oh, you'll see her soon, all right," said Ruth. "She'll be coming in to tea today, probably."

"I know she's coming," said Rosemary. "I think she's rather

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keen on seeing you, Alix. Owen wrote a lot about you, you see."

They spoke without any emotion of Toppie. They took her for granted. She was not to them a shrine. But even before the scene in the train with Giles, Alix had had a special feeling about Toppie herself, and as she walked on with the chattering girls, her mind went back to the day at Cannes when Captain Owen had first showed her and Maman Toppie's photograph. He carried the little leather case in his breast pocket, his mother's picture on one side and hers on the other, and Maman had said, as she took the case from him and looked, "*Elle est tout-à-fait ravissante.*"

"You don't see much of her in that," said Captain Owen, wagging his foot a little. "But it does show something. She's not exactly beautiful."

"Oh, exactly! Who would care to be exactly beautiful!" said Maman.

He had told them that Miss Westmacott,—Toppie's real name was Enid Westmacott,—had come to live near them when she was only fifteen. Mr. Westmacott was the rector of their parish, and he had to explain to them—for Maman said that with all her English she could never get it quite clear,—what rectors were and how they came to have daughters. And when Maman said, as though rectors must make up for having daughters by having devout ones, "*Elle est très dévote?*" Captain Owen, with his charming smile, rejoined, "Oh, much better than that!"

Later on, when Captain Owen had gone, Maman had remarked to her, "She is pretty, but nothing more. *Elle est nulle, cette Toppie; très, très nulle.*" But Alix had not agreed. The little photograph had not said much, but it had said something definite. "She is like someone in a tower," she had tried to fix the feeling.

A fire had been lighted for tea in the drawing-room, a long room with roses on the chairs and sofas and a high wainscotting of white woodwork. A tall gray figure stood at the further end, and Alix knew at once that it was Toppie who turned her head to look at her like that. She was helping Mrs. Bradley arrange flowers,—Michaelmas daisies, oak leaves, and sprays of golden larch. Her hair was as fair as primroses and ruffled up a little above the black ribbon that bound it.

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"This is Alix, Toppie dear," said Mrs. Bradley in a gentle voice, and she came forward and passed her arm in Toppie's as if she knew that it must mean something very special to her to see the little French girl.

"I'm so glad," Toppie murmured. She gazed at Alix for a moment, as though forgetting that she held a vase in her hand; then, looking round her a little vaguely, she set it down on a table and held out her hand. The water from the vase had spilled over it and as it closed on Alix's it made her think of the hand of a dryad, a naiad, or some chill, unearthly creature. "Yes, in towers," she thought, "And how much she loved him!"

She saw then that Giles was there. He was stretched out in a deep chair on one side of the fire, his hands clasped behind his head, and he was watching Toppie,—her meeting with Toppie. "And how much Giles loves her!" came the further thought, sharp with its sense of sudden elucidation. If he sat there, in that rather mannerless fashion, not helping with the water cans, it was because he loved her and wanted to watch her.

Toppie, still with the air of vagueness, had picked up her vase again and carried it to a far table.

"There, that's the best we can do with the garden just now," said Mrs. Bradley, smiling at her. "And without you, Toppie, I'd never have made the effort. It's astonishing, really, what one can still find in a November garden."

"They look awfully nice," said Giles.

"They look to me rather dingy and frost-bitten," laughed Ruth, and pleased with her own good sense she went to seat herself on the arm of Giles' chair.

"She bores him," thought Alix, "but he would not like to say it." She had a feeling of excitement yet of oppression. Toppie, she knew, was thinking of nothing but her.

The tea table stood before the sofa on the other side of the fire from Giles, and Mrs. Bradley sat down to it while Toppie came beside her, and then, looking up at Alix and laying her hand on the place still vacant, said, "Come here, Alix."

"There's room for me too," cried Rosemary, plunging down between them.

But Toppie looked at her quite coldly and said, "There's not room for you, Rosemary. You make us all uncomfortable."

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She was very fair, with a skin that would have been of a milky whiteness had it not been thickly freckled. Her lips were small and pale, her chin long and narrow. All her head, bound round with the black ribbon, was singularly narrow, and that, perhaps, was why her grey eyes seemed to look out from towers. "And how she has suffered," thought Alix. Tears, vigils, remembrance,—all were in Toppie's eyes. "Oh no, Maman, not *nulle*,—anything but *nulle*," Alix thought, while with a great wave of depression the meaning of the war swept over her. Was Captain Owen worth so much suffering? His personality lived most for Alix in the memory of his smile, and his worth seemed to live in that, too. He had been charming; and there was worth in charm.

Tea was made and they were all talking of the things they did and the people they did them with. Alix heard of a Women's Institute, of boy scouts and girl guides and a village choral society that Mrs. Bradley conducted. Giles sang in it, and the girls, and Jack and Francis when they were at home. "And you must sing with us, Alix," said Mrs. Bradley. They asked her about her piano lessons and the singing at the Lycée, and she had to confess that she had never heard "The Messiah," at which there was a shout of goodnatured protest from Ruth and Rosemary. "But you're not a musical nation, are you," said Ruth, disposing of France.

The talk made Alix think of the thick slices of bread and butter that Ruth and Rosemary and Giles were eating. It was so kindly and useful. Very different from the talk to which Alix was accustomed in Maman's salon,—and Maman's salon itself was as different from this as the talk. It was small, yet it was stately. Maman's russet head, as she sat with her cigarette at the tea table, had melted and shone against old tapestry, grey and green and citron, and her lovely face had seemed to belong to the Empire sconces and the carnations in their tall crystal vases. Maman's salon, though stately, was dense and rich and sweet, and the talk that passed, soft and shining, was like an iridescent soap-bubble tossed so lightly from one to the other,—from Monsieur de Villanelle, with his pointed red beard and sad blue eyes and long Flemish nose like a Memling saint, to Mademoiselle Blanche Fontaine; and from her to Monsieur de Maubert, with

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his Jovian head; and from him to Monsieur Jules, dark and gloomy, who sometimes let it drop in his abstraction, unless Maman gave it a little puff that carried it on to Madame Girardin, looking remarkably young in this soft light, receiving it with shrill little outcries and prettily playing with it until it was safely back in Maman's hands again. And then another was blown. And though the talk were as light as a soap-bubble, Alix dimly apprehended that it was fertile, creative, that it spread like a sweet fragrance, that it floated like a winged seed on the breeze, out from Maman's salon to permeate, alter the world.

"You'll see what a jolly life you'll have here, my dear kid," Rosemary remarked to her,—Rosemary undismayed by her recent rebuff.

Toppie, who had been discussing a local charity with Mrs. Bradley, finally turned to Alix and said, "Will you come and have tea with me tomorrow?"

"But she's going to school with us, Toppie! We have to teach her hockey," cried Ruth.

"Not tomorrow. She need not begin till Monday, need you, Alix?"

Alix thought not, and though Ruth declared, "You can't begin a day too soon for hockey," Alix and Toppie had decided the question between them.

TO BE CONTINUED

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SPIRIT COMMUNICATION—A DEBATE

I—FRAGMENTS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE

WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE

DO YOU believe in ghosts? Historically most of the world does, for the great religions that have directed the thoughts of mankind are founded upon belief in supernatural revelations to the human mind. But those who believe that this is going on at the present time, who think that messages may come to us through the ether direct from the spirits of our departed relatives and friends, are almost limited to those who are convinced that they have had such actual experiences in their own lives.

THE FORUM *has asked Walter Franklin Prince, Principal Research Officer of the American Society for Psychical Research, to give one example of a recent revelation from beyond the grave that apparently cannot be attributed to mind-reading or anything other than supernatural agency. To contrast this incident he has introduced it with three examples of mind-reading or telepathy. Dr. Prince is known to the public as a ruthless exposer of psychic frauds, the enemy of spirit-photographs, ectoplasms, and slate writings. By newspaper readers he is remembered as the expert who, a year or two ago, was summoned to the hills of Nova Scotia to lay the ghost on a remote haunted farm. "It took eighteen years of study of the psychical," he writes, "capped by experimentation, before I came to my first affirmative conclusion regarding the supernormal." This has been supported by many further researches.*

FROM a number of classes of evidentially supported phenomena I can, owing to the limits of space, select but two, and I choose those termed "telepathy" and "spirit communication," giving several illustrations of the former class and but one of the latter.

TELEPATHY

It happens that Gilbert Murray, the distinguished professor in Oxford University and former President of the English Society for Psychical Research, is one of the most successful "percipients" living. The full account of experiments with him may be found in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (Volume XXIX).

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The conditions were these. Several persons would be gathered in a room adjoining a hall. Professor Murray would go out to a safe distance in the hall, the door being then closed, or he would go into a room beyond the hall, both doors being closed. The persons remaining, at a distance from the door, would, in low voices, arrange the material to be kept in mind by all, but one would be selected as the ostensible "agent" to concentrate upon the material selected, and Professor Murray, returning, would sometimes hold her hand, sometimes not, with no apparent difference in results. At any rate, the contact cannot be imagined to give any clue to the explanation of his utterances. I choose a few examples.

1. Subject. Mrs. Toynbee (agent): Mr. S—— playing Badminton at the Badminton Club at Bogota: Lord Murray watching, and ladies watching, one with a fan.

Professor Murray: This is something to do with your voyage to Panama—it's South American—it's people in white playing a game —it's your villain S—— —he's playing a game—the word Bogota is coming to my mind—I think it is at a games-club.

Mrs. Toynbee: What is the game?

Professor Murray: I think I am only guessing. I think the game is Badminton, and the Master of Elibank [Lord Murray] is there.

If the incident selected had been an actual one, of which Professor Murray had heard, seeing recognition in the eyes of the audience after he had given one prominent detail, he might have been able to reel off some of the others, but the situation was wholly imaginary. His only error was in the mention of Panama and that was instantly corrected to "South American." "People in white" is hardly an error, as the agent picturing the scene of persons playing a game in Bogota would surely visualize them thus dressed.

2. Subject. Mrs. Toynbee (agent): Dostoievsky, writing in a very bare room, I think in France, and hearing the bailiff people banging at the door, and pretending he is not in the house.

Professor Murray: I think this is out of a book—it's Russian—it's a man inside a house—and the people beating and beating on the door outside—and he's keeping quite still so that they shan't know he is there—it's a big sort of bare room and he is a writer—seems a mad sort of person—(I) don't somehow feel as if I was going to get it—I think it is in France—but he must be Russian—I don't feel as if they were going to murder him at all—I should think it is a story of Dostoievsky that I can't get—I have a feeling that I can't be right—Are they bailiffs?

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Again the scene was purely imaginary, and the only error by Professor Murray was in saying it was from a book by Dostoievsky, whereas Mrs. Toynbee was thinking about Dostoievsky writing.

> 3. Subject. Mrs. Arnold Toynbee (agent): I think of a scene in a Strindberg play—two people sitting in a round tower and the man has a fainting-fit and the wife hopes he is dead.
>
> Professor Murray: This is a book and a book I haven't read. No —not Russian—not Italian. It's somebody lying in a faint. It's very horrible. I think somebody is fainting and his wife or some woman is hoping he is dead. It can't be Maeterlinck—I think I have read them all—oh! it's Strindberg. (Can you get the place?) I thought of them in a great round tower. That was why I thought of Maeterlinck.

Out of 505 experiments, excluding 68 where no impression whatever was gained by Professor Murray, the percentages ran: Successes, 38.2; partial successes, 32.3; failures, 29.5. Many if not most of the partial successes were so near to full successes as to be very impressive. To anyone who has studied the mathematics of chances, it would be incredible that even the three successes which I have cited above could come about by mere guessing, had they been the only successes out of the 505 trials. But the fact was that more than a third of the results were successes, nearly a third partial successes, and less than a third, where any result was obtained, failures.

The suggestion that Professor Murray enjoyed an acuteness of hearing which could penetrate two doors, a hallway and the greater part of the width of a room to catch voices purposely hushed, and all *without being aware of hearing anything*, to me suggests something as fearsomely occult as that which it endeavors to avoid. And it appears to me effectually negatived by the number of cases in which Professor Murray mentioned details which had not been uttered aloud at all but which were in the thoughts of the "agent" only. And we should take into account the authentic reported experiments by other persons wherein the tests were arranged without speaking.

But let us come nearer home and view some instances where the theory of amazingly-excessive-acuteness-of-hearing-without-knowledge-of-hearing-anything would be still more incredible, since it would have to be stretched to cover a distance of a

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number of miles. (See *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research, May–July, 1922.)

"Mrs. West," a lady living some fifteen miles from New York City, in 1917 wrote a long account of her "occult" experiences, and the letter was mislaid and not answered for a year. I was then an assistant of Dr. Hyslop and wrote my first letters to her in his name. On November 17, 1918, having then moved to Brooklyn, she wrote a letter addressed to him asking who the man was connected with the Society "who answers this description." The details of what I take to be my physical description might have been normally acquired, but there followed several statements regarding certain mental habits and tastes of an order so carefully hidden from general view that, although I at once recognized their peculiar truth, I felt sure that no one but myself and my wife and daughter could know them. There was no error throughout, unless it be in pronouncing my manner "gentle."

A little later the lady wrote me this: "What do you keep in the lower left-hand drawer of that polished, flat, oaken desk which stands near but not close to the end of the room?" The description was exactly correct for the desk in my study, and out of forty-eight drawers in that study there is just one which has peculiar significance in regard to its contents, one whose contents will never be removed, because they belonged to one who is now no more and who kept them there,—and that drawer is the lower left-hand one of the desk described. There are reasons why this fact was never mentioned outside the household by the three who knew it.

Again Mrs. West wrote "when I enter the room where the desk is [of course the word "enter" is used in a peculiar sense] I feel as though it ought to be pulled in the middle of the floor." All the time that the one who has passed away owned the drawer, the desk *was* in the middle of the floor. This was in two distant States.

In response to her previous statement that I was fond of music, I wrote Mrs. West that I was to a limited extent a performer on the piano. Another letter came saying: "What about that musical composition entitled 'The Dream Girl' which you began but never finished?" The fact was that quite recently

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I had composed two verses of a poem, which was never completed, entitled exactly as stated,—"The Dream Girl." The only error was in calling it a musical composition, though I frequently do have music running through my consciousness when stringing rhymes. Not even my wife and daughter knew anything about the unfinished poem or its title.

Other examples of Mrs. West's work have to be omitted. The statements relating to me were almost all correct *until she met and came to know me well,—seldom so afterwards.*

I do not even know if her results were obtained by mind-reading, but would suppose that this theory would be less abhorrent to the average scientific man than any other for which any argument could be made, short of accusing me of being a co-conspirator in a fraud.

Spirit Communication

If this is ever generally conceded to be a genuine phenomenon, it will be because of a vast mass of accumulated facts and many cumulative arguments. Darwin could never have *proved* evolution in fifteen hundred words, and all I can do in that space is to present mere samples of the facts taken from one case. The case in full may be found in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research, October and November, 1922.

Mrs. "Spencer," a lady well known to me to possess superior intelligence and critical acumen to a high degree, fully alive to the pitfalls into which careless sitters fall, and determined not to be self-deceived, was the sitter, and Mrs. Borden the medium. Mrs. Spencer's husband was dead. I need say nothing here about the medium's not having known the couple or about them, for the class of facts I am to quote was curiously protected even had it been otherwise. Nearly all of a set of pet-names which Mrs. Spencer applied to her husband "came through" the medium, and these names no one living knew but the lady herself. She declares that she and her husband had exercised equal secrecy in regard to them, and had not mentioned them before, or imparted them to, any of their relatives or nearest friends, that she would never have told anyone a single one of these odd terms, and least of all would she have hinted at one of them to the medium. The terms were, I am certain, absolutely

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protected by the psychological make-up of Mrs. Spencer. She was so morbidly sensitive about these names that, after they were received, it was with great reluctance that she told me one of them in order to get my opinion; she suffered a crucifixion before she imparted all; and it took long persuasion to induce her to make them public, with the condition that her true name be concealed.

The pet-names which Mrs. Spencer applied to her husband, aside from those which are nearly universal, as "dear," were these: Minnie-cat, Kewpie, Pixie, Pinchie, Pitty or Pettit or Pitchie (variations of Pinchie), Little Fox, Lamb, Turtle, Little Boy Blue, Baboy (pronounced *Bay-boy*), Dadie (pronounced *Day-dy*), Chicken (rare), Squunchie (fell out of use). It must be admitted that the most of these terms are not common. The women who call their husbands "Minnie-cat" must be rare indeed. I, at least, never heard of a number of the other terms being used as pet-names for a husband.

In a sitting Mrs. Borden said, "I see your husband sitting at a desk with a pencil in his hand. He seems to be in an office, drawing. Now, you will laugh at this, it is ridiculous. He draws a *Kewpie* doll—he makes a big circle for the head, and a longer one for the body, very quickly, and it looks just like one of these Kewpie dolls." The "ridiculous" incident, nevertheless was a fact, verbatim. Numberless times he drew the Kewpie, meaning himself, with a few strokes, quickly, as described.

In the same sitting with the Kewpie incident, and soon after it, came this: "I see the drawing of a *Fox*." This name "Fox" or "Little Fox" was one of the favorites, was often signed to letters by Mr. Spencer to his wife, and he made a drawing of a fox to go with a gift to her on his last Christmas.

Next in chronological order the psychic saw Mr. Spencer at a typewriter, operating it awkwardly, and a letter issuing from the machine, whereon the first word was "Minnie." The letter continued: "Smile and be brave. Try to make the best of it. It is only for a little while." The psychic then said: "He makes a lot of little crosses for kisses, and draws a *Cat*." Here are "Minnie" and "cat" and "crosses for kisses" mentioned in connection with Mr. Spencer's letter. In fact, many of his letters ended with a number of crosses for kisses and his pet-name

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"Minnie-cat." And he was indeed inexpert on the typewriter. Later, with no intervening admission by the sitter, came a close conjunction of the two terms in "Minnie-meow," followed immediately by "There is nothing else like it [a unique name] I understand" [perhaps intended as "I! Understand?"] At another sitting Mrs. Borden heard herself told to draw a little kitten, to draw the sun and the moon, then heard the word "Minnie" thrice and "Only mine." Here is the name in reverse order, the intimation that no one else had such a name, and possibly a hint of the fact that Mr. Spencer made his pet-name cartoons at home only on Sundays and Mondays. Again, the psychic saw drawn underneath a chain which had belonged to Mr. Spencer but was now around the sitter's neck, a cat, followed by the word "Me," then said "He fastens the cat right to the chain. He draws a heart." This seems to tell a straight story. The cat is "Me," bound as by a chain to Mrs. Spencer, that is, to her heart. And two other of the pet-names came in close connection. There were other references to the name "Minnie-cat" in the sittings. It was dwelt upon most of all.

At another sitting a *Turtle* was seen drawn by Mr. Spencer. On his last Christmas, he had drawn one to accompany one of his gifts to his wife. Immediately after this incident in the sitting came a convincing attempt to give another pet-name.

After several seeming attempts to get through *Dadie* such as the combination, following the drawing of a turtle, "Dido—dado—dido," there finally came, following "dee dee" (or "didi" —Mrs. Borden's deliverances are oral) this "no, dady" (Dadie), and no further variation came thereafter.

There is not space to rehearse the attempts, completely or recognizably successful, by which *Baboy*, *Pinchie*, (*Pitty*, *Pettit*, *Pitchie*), *Little Boy Blue*, *Chicken*, and possibly *Lamb*, came to expression. But nothing appeared resembling the pet-name that had fallen out of use, *Squunchie*. And the way that apparent emergencies of one pet-name occur in near contiguity to emergence of one or more others, all in a setting of suggestive remarks about Mr. Spencer or attributed to him, more and more produce the impression that there is an intelligence at work to make the names come out recognizably and convincingly.

Aside from the names, there were many relevant and evi-

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dential references. "Petuana," for example, was meaningless, but then came "pet you on your cheek" which is both intelligible and relevant to characteristic acts. "Petuana" is probably equivalent to "pet you on your"; the attempt then being renewed with success. Such meaningless vocables as "Gege-hello-edie" are suggestive of a real process, quasi-auditory, for no psychic would needlessly invent meaningless combinations.

The number of correct incidents and facts stated by the psychic in connection with Mr. Spencer, were numerous, characteristic, and a part of them peculiar. Even mannerisms of gesture and pronunciation were graphically depicted. Some of the incidents are intimate and it is wholly unlikely that either one of a secretive and sensitive couple should have talked about them or that Mrs. Spencer, in her critical and at first sceptical experimentation for evidence, should have imparted them. There were no others in their household. It is the emergence of nearly the whole of the list of Mrs. Spencer's pet names for her husband to which I chiefly invite attention, for these names could not have been normally known, at the period of the sittings, to any living person but Mrs. Spencer.

Against the theory of mind-reading as applied to the getting of the names in particular are such considerations as these: Mrs. Spencer did not have in mind at all that her pet-names for her husband might be given. The first emissions of names were distinct surprises. This is contrary to the law that the agent in telepathic transmission must mentally concentrate on what is to be transmitted,—if Mr. Spencer was not the agent but the living sitter was. Several, even later in the series, had not been thought of by her for a long time.

Mrs. Spencer did hope that one or more of her husband's pet-names for her might be given. But not one was vouchsafed. This looks like avoidance for a reason; it is contrary also to the law as we know it in experimental telepathy.

The variety of devices by which "Minnie-cat" especially, was expressed; the consciousness that this name was unique, and the insistence upon it as though realizing the value of that fact; the ingenious complexity of some of the devices to give evidence and at the same time express a message of comfort

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and encouragement in terms not in the sitter's mind, as when a kitten was shown attached to the chain (which had been his) on Mrs. Spencer's neck, then the word "me," and then the picture of a heart,—these are indications of a third mind functioning independently, and not of telepathy as we experimentally know it.

Later Mr. Borden ceased almost entirely to get anything about Mrs. Spencer's husband, whereas, by the telepathic theory, she should have come into better rapport with the sitter's mind, and by the normal information theory she should have been able to pick up new facts.

But telepathy itself is a supernormal phenomenon, so that the skeptic in regard to the whole range of the purported supernormal is denied recourse to it for explanation.

II—THE ANIMUS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

JOSEPH JASTROW

IN THESE matters the Professor of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin is a complete skeptic. Not only does he reject spirit voices but he doubts thought-transference or telepathy. Professor Jastrow is confident that it was not Mrs. Spencer's dead husband who communicated her pet-names for him. Nor did Professor Gilbert Murray receive thought emanations from the mind of Mrs. Toynbee. In every series of guesses there is a certain proportion of lucky accidents.

ALMOST all of those responsible for the conduct of experiments and the report of observations in "Psychical Research" are convinced that they have come upon facts which require recourse to metapsychical forces. They hold this view with varying degrees of confidence; and particularly they differ as to which classes of phenomena require such hypotheses and which do not. They vary in the temper of their belief from the ultra-credulous to the closely critical. The group voting in the affirmative includes those who, having accepted the "supernormal" hypothesis are prepared to find evidence of such action everywhere; it includes others who

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reject all the grosser phenomena, particularly those in which fraud has frequently been demonstrated, yet regard the "genuine" evidence as irreconcilable with any "natural" explanation, —often the very same evidence rejected by their fellow-believers; it includes, finally, those who discard all but a rigid selection of incidents, the acceptance of which, however, places them as squarely in the metapsychical camp as though their harvest were larger or more certain. Under such circumstances the psychological problem, which is to account for these states of belief, is quite as significant as the logical problem, which is to appraise the value of the evidence. The two phases combine; the paramount issue involves close considerations of logic,— and that to many minds is a forbidding subject.

Mr. Prince belongs to the small minority of the highly critical group, and presents convincing evidence of his qualifications both within the field of "Psychical Research" and outside of it. He places himself as "a *bête noire* to the spiritualist cult," yet cites a case of communication from the departed as a prize proof of the inadequacy of the "normal information" theory. He has contributed a painstaking and thorough examination of the frauds of spirit-photography and slate-writing messages. He is doubtful, possibly inclining to the negative, as to the reality of ectoplasm. While accepting "several species" of evidence, he rejects "other alleged species," including most of Conan Doyle's extensive repertory of metapsychical beliefs, and can share in only a small portion of Richet's "supernormal" convictions. Yet he is a fellow-believer with them in the reality of metapsychical forces or operations of some kind, which brings it about that he is enlisted under the same rebellious flag. Furthermore, he maintains that each champion of the "affirmative conclusion" (*viz.*, that facts have been discovered which make the negative position of the man of science untenable and a belated example of undue skepticism or of dogmatic denial) is entitled to be judged and met on his own ground; also, that each phenomenon is entitled to independent trial and verdict for reference to the category of fraud (or other explanation), or of genuine "supernormal" origin. He maintains that any opponent of his conclusions must "explain" his "facts" and "disprove his arguments," or hold his peace; and should refrain from psycho-

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analyzing the state of mind of Mr. Prince, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Professor Richet, or other sponsors of the metapsychical cult as a factor in the "case." He bases his "case" upon the small "one-tenth" remnant of evidence "that simply will not down," and insists that this selected evidence, shall constitute the brief upon which the verdict hangs. The other nine-tenths, which is spurious or too feebly evidential, is to be ruled out of court; nor is any presumption thus established that the explanations applicable to the nine-tenths would apply to the saving remnant, provided that the missing links and baffling gaps in the evidence could be supplied.

Except in the conciliatory mood indicated by the phrase: "for the sake of the argument," I am not prepared to admit the logical legitimacy of any of these positions. On the contrary, I should insist that the case of "metapsychics," and the position of "Psychical Research," so far as it posits, favors, or claims the existence of a world, however limited or obscure, in which events happen in defiance of or as over-ruling the fundamental laws of the behavior of physical and mental operations, is to be tried *as a whole*. That set of beliefs has a history and an origin in the composite story of the products of man's reason (and imagination), which is entitled to a hearing in judging the bearing of any particular belief and the status of any particular believer; it has a bearing upon the presumable truth or falsity, the presumptive strength or weakness, of so revolutionary an hypothesis, however cautiously expressed.

I regard it as legitimate to explore the evidences of Mr. Prince's mental processes as indicated in his logical steps or flights from premises to conclusions as significant indications of the reasons why the conclusions reached make their appeal. For I can not escape the conviction that the problem in hand, which is why such conclusions are supported, depends for its comprehension upon the psychological trend of the believers as much as upon the logical cogency of the evidence. Both have a driving force, a pulling power; and doubtless each supports the other. But the decisive turn that places one in the scientific negative camp or the metapsychical affirmative camp, can not but be affected by the mental make-up of the judge, which determines his attitude toward what should be, but is not, a coldly

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logical, objective, interpretation of the facts and arguments. However, as I am equally convinced that the position reached will be the same whether or not concessions be made to certain of Mr. Prince's contentions, I am in so far prepared to concede "for the sake of the argument," but this only for the evidential aspect of the case,—the matter of facts and their interpretation.

In the domain of "physical" proofs of metapsychical forces, the alternative lies pretty sharply defined between an extravagant hypothesis and a simple or elaborate fraud,—involving in some instances a morbid and interesting psychopathic trend for deception. Thus in regard to spirit-photographs, Mr. Prince agrees that the "extra" faces of the known and unknown departed that appear on plates exposed apparently under conditions precluding the use of any one of a score of trick devices, are in reality thus produced,—and the producers know it. But on the same evidence Sir Arthur Conan Doyle founds a "Society for the Study of Supernormal Pictures" and includes fairies as well as ghosts and spirit lights among the genuine "facts." And why? Simply because he is convinced, as Mr. Prince and the rest of us are not, that the hypothesis of fraud has been ruled out. The difference is in the critical attitude which decides when the "natural" rationalistic explanation (in this case dominantly fraud), may or may not be dismissed. The same is true of slate-writing and of the recent evidence of miraculous or metapsychical paraffine molds of hands (thus described because an actual human hand could not have been withdrawn from the paraffine and leave the mold or shell intact).

One of the reasons for concluding that the right explanation of these physical phenomena is fraud, is because many fraudulent methods are known by which the effects can be produced. To-morrow some one may devise a new method of making spirit photographs or paraffine molds or produce a wholly original and mystifying phenomenon, and promptly challenge the "dogmatic" and "bigoted" scientific skeptic to show how it is done; and if he fails, as probably he will, advertise the admission as a proof of the supernormal. Mr. Bird of "The Scientific American," a recent and hesitant recruit, says: "These paraffine gloves make a better case for the supernormal than anything else I have seen." What impresses him is the detail of skin structure on the mold, more

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than the use of a rubber glove (the simplest method of making spirit molds) would yield. The answer is that there is evidently a better trick involved; and one may form a plausible guess as to how this refinement is produced. So long as one does not *know* just how it is done, the ignorance may be distorted into an argument in favor of the supernormal. As soon as the trick is discovered, the argument falls. Now that has been the actual history of each and every physical fact offered in proof of the supernormal, and the logical lesson is plain: the absence of knowledge, *i.e.*, the concealing of how the effect is produced, is no presumption whatever that it is produced by supernormal means; the fact that so many supernormal facts have been proved to be fraudulent facts establishes a high presumption that all the rest of the supernormal facts are of like status. It follows likewise that the strong tendency to dismiss the hypothesis of fraud, motivated in so many instances by the strong tendency to reach the hypothesis of supernormal agency, is responsible for the logical error. That is the all important lesson which, though here stated in terms of the physical "facts," is just as cogent for all other metapsychical phenomena.

The case of ectoplasm reenforces the lesson in additional and significant manner. The "fact" is the appearance of a gauze-like, vaporous, clammy tissue at times with apparent movement, and at times developing into or replaced by faces and forms exhibited on the person of the medium after she has been concealed behind the curtains of a cabinet. The extravagant metapsychical hypothesis holds that this substance is extracted from the body of the medium and is capable of producing "biological" hands and faces; the scientific hypothesis is elaborate fraud. It would take a volume to present the wildly improbable "facts,"—from ectoplasmically lifted tables, to levitations of men, and "apports" of flowers and statuettes through the air, and the appearance of a "tiny, nude woman, beautifully formed, apparently alive" . . . "before six persons in full daylight;" and the credulous theories of "fluidic threads," and "psychic structures," and what not, to account for them. The lesson is the same: these things are accepted because the fraud hypothesis is shunned or too hastily dismissed; and once the miracle is admitted, others are added unto it. In addition the medium is

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protected from exposure by further gratuitous assumptions: that all these metapsychical performances must be done in the dark because light is inimical to the "force"; that the ectoplasm must not be examined because that would endanger the life of the medium, that the phenomena may be fraudulent one moment and genuine the next, etc., etc. In brief the medium proposes the test and sets the conditions, and that makes the investigation not a scientific experiment but a sporting challenge,—a detective-like attempt to discover the *modus operandi* despite the shrewd evasion of fair conditions of inquiry.

Accordingly it is easy to understand how critical adherents of the "supernormal" stake their reputation upon the *psychical* order of evidence, which is the revelation, by or through the medium of knowledge, too private, too inaccessible to be obtained through "normal" channel; or by reading the contents of another's mind under conditions precluding the recognized modes of communication. The logic of this type of evidence stands upon a different basis. The "phenomenon" cannot be investigated without the full cooperation of the medium, and that may not be available; there is abundant room for self-deception, for involuntary and subconscious indications; for coincidences, for shrewd guessing and fishing for the complication by abnormal, semi-responsible states; there are bound to be many lost clues, leaving the explanation quite stranded and speculative. The rationalistic, "natural" explanation must accordingly be far more indefinite, uncertain, and defective than would apply to the physical order of "facts." All this must not only be admitted but emphasized; and one must also admit that while all sorts of mind-reading "stunts" have been devised by codes and most ingenious trick methods, the conditions presented by the selected types of cases make the hypothesis of fraud untenable.

So when Mr. Prince cites the experiments in which Professor Gilbert Murray acts as percipient, and apparently reads the contents of the agent's mind, I am more than ready to say that I don't know how the information is conveyed; but that this ignorance does not in the least incline me to believe that it involves any supernormal powers. Nor can I discover that Mr. Prince or the reporters of the case have made proper efforts to discover how it is done, or have even gone so far as to obtain any

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plausible or hypothetical clues as to the *modus operandi*. I have every confidence that when properly approached, the problem can be solved; or at least that a plausible conjecture can be reached quite in harmony with the accredited conclusions in this difficult and elusive field of psychology. In addition, I have in mind that when experimental tests of "telepathy" have been rigidly conducted,—such as the notable investigations of Professor Coover,—the results have been substantially negative, or have accounted for the slightly favorable preponderance of "guesses" by reference to subtle yet recognizable mental procedures. I have in mind that this "telepathic" and "private affairs" species of evidence also has a history and is to be judged as a whole. As it ordinarily appears in the spiritualistic seance it is highly suspicious, consisting of general allusions to common situations for which the sitters find specific and thereby successful application. An innovation in this field was introduced in England a few years ago and known as a book test: the medium indicated that a certain book on a shelf in a library to which presumably he or she had no access, when opened on a designated page, would contain a passage of special reference to the personal situation or inquiry of the sitter. When "successes" were scored, the result was ascribed to telepathy or spirit communication.

Dr. Slosson had the happy idea of trying the same procedure by mere guesswork, with the result that his pure chance "book-tests" scored hits and misses quite as impressive as those offered in favor of the supernormal hypothesis. Recently there appeared on the American scene one Rafael Schermann of Vienna, claiming a power to read "private affairs," to solve mysteries of crimes, to diagnose character traits or incidents,—all by a glimpse of handwriting or by other vague impression, under the general view that he is the possessor of some supernormal powers. Once more the readiness to interpret such performances, —the details of explanation of which are missing or baffling,—as evidence of the supernormal is due to the too ready dismissal of a rationalistic, natural explanation,—some hints of which are available.

There are thus general resemblances,—both in their logic and in their psychology,—between the "physical" and the "psychical" species of evidence, which are helpful; and they apply

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differently to the "telepathic" and to the "private affairs" subspecies. The former is decidedly the more definite and convincing, and may be experimentally investigated. The rationalist is ready to stake his reputation on the outcome of experiment rigidly conducted, and anticipates a further illumination of the sources of apparent mind-reading as the issue of such inquiry. One of the indispensable requisites for such investigation is that the investigator,—as is true of the Gilbert Murray mind-readings,—shall set the problem and control the conditions. Now this is conspicuously not the case for the ordinary "private affairs" revelation. Thus Mr. Prince is particularly impressed with the "occult" powers of a "Mrs. West," who after preliminary advances inquired as to the contents of a certain drawer in a desk specifically indicated, and which had peculiar personal significance; also inquired as to a poem (mistakenly called a musical composition), giving the title correctly, the existence of which Mr. Prince is assured was known to no one.

The incident would be far more convincing as a test in Mr. Prince's sense if HE had asked the questions: "What about the content of the lower left-hand drawer?" and "What is the title of the poem I have written?" To *offer* knowledge of *selected* "private affairs" is strongly suggestive that the selection is limited to the few items which have been secretly determined, and stops there; its very limitation and the complete failure (usually) to "telepath" anything convincing outside this area, is to my mind impressive. I am also impressed with the probability that we exaggerate the "privacy" of much that we regard as known to no one but ourselves. Given a sufficient incentive, —such as to impress a believer in the supernormal,—and it becomes impossible to anticipate what dubious steps may be taken to acquire impressive revelations. Both positions, Mr. Prince's and mine, on this issue are affected by uncertainties in the data and personal views of plausibility; and there the case must rest.

But not quite so, if we are willing to include internal evidence, again of only a plausible status. Thus the "facts" to which Mr. Prince gives his largest space, centering about the revelation through a medium of ridiculous pet-names which Mrs. Spencer, the sitter, applied to her deceased husband, makes upon my mind the least impression. The conclusion that "they could

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not have been normally known" is entitled to no more weight,—and no less if you like,—than the conclusion that the medium evidently did know of them and thus offered them as evidence of her psychic powers. Mr. Prince's attitude on this point is naive, and quite in contrast with his critical, skeptical procedure in investigating spirit-photographs. He rightly concludes that the internal evidence (that Mrs. Spencer did not expect the revelation of the pet-names, which came as a surprise) argues against "telepathy",—the medium did not read Mrs. Spencer's mind. But he is quite blind to the implication that the medium offered what she had and stopped there.

> "Mrs. Spencer did hope that one or more of her husband's pet-names for her might be given. But not one was. This looks like avoidance for a reason. It is also contrary to the law as we know it in experimental telepathy."*

Precisely: and the reason for the avoidance is not difficult to guess. In brief, if it were worth while, which clearly it is not,—to go into details, one could accumulate all sorts of suspicious and suggestive items to corroborate one or another explanation, and also to illustrate the bias of the reporter's mind; but one would get no farther. For it is obvious that in this field we must be content to find what clues we can. At that point the case goes to the jury.

I shall devote my concluding paragraphs to the privilege of saying something about "the will to believe"; for this remains to my mind the Hamlet in the play. This phrase, made current by William James, is certainly the most lenient and considerate that can be employed; it indicates not a crude or ignorant or obstinate bias, but a most delicate, subtly intrusive, subconscious, temperamental deviation of logical processes away from the straight and narrow and often dull path of pure logic,—which even more appropriately than justice may be figured as holding the scales of pro and con with eyes covered. Certainly the interest that has kept this realm of speculation alive through all the centuries is a strong tendency to believe in occult powers. We face the old question: Does this universal tendency raise

*What Mr. Prince means by "the laws of experimental telepathy," I do not know. As "telepathy" is the name for an hypothesis and not a reality, any alleged laws are still more conjectural, not to say presumptuous.

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any presumption that there are such forces; or is it merely a characteristic quality of human thinking?

The student of primitive mentality, and of similar trends in civilized society finds abundant evidence of the early hold and persistent survival of such beliefs. The primitive mind sees everywhere the working of hidden powers, which at some measure are built up into a system of magical and mystical influences. And it is because the primitive mind accepts this world as real, that it is closed against objective evidence. There is the story that when first introduced to the deadly effect of fire-arms, the primitive mind responded, not by believing that the bullet killed the man, but that the gun was guided by a spirit which was responsible for the death; that no matter how fired, if the man were fated to be killed, the bullet would pursue him until it found him. The striking difference between that form of thinking, in which an objective attitude toward evidence is not even possible, and our own thorough training in the logic of science, is vast indeed. Yet that within reserved areas of thought, the older tendency survives is abundantly clear. It accounts for the fact that superstitions, dealing with all sorts of occult influences quite in the order of primitive thinking, survive in the very same minds that in all the rest of their occupations are quite as loyal to objective evidence as the rest of us.

Though it may seem remote to apply this conclusion to minds fully conscious of the requirements of logic, the procedure is psychologically justified. It becomes so through a consideration of the setting of the belief,—its constant appeal to personally interesting and emotionally satisfying conclusions. It makes more intelligible the association in the same mind of a critical ability in all other respects and a subtle leaning toward the supernormal in regard to a considerable, it may be a rigidly selected group of incidents, and thus makes them impressive. It also makes intelligible that the very interest in such possibilities, which inclines to their observation and study, is itself an indication of the trend in question. One interested in premonitions will observe them, and the interest is more apt to be associated with a belief in their significance than an indifference to them. It is the interest in the belief that in a sense creates the facts, in opposition to the logical test, which is that the facts

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are responsible for the beliefs. Cherishing our rationality as we properly do, we all defend by reasons what too commonly we believe on the strength of emotionally supported sentiments and prepossessions.

A MAN IN OUR TOWN

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

We pitied him as one too much at ease
With Nemesis and impending indigence;
Also, as if by way of recompense,
We sought him always in extremities;
And while ways more like ours had more to please
Our common code than his uncommon sense,
There lurked alive in our experience
His homely genius for emergencies.

He was not one for men to marvel at,
And yet there was another neighborhood
When he was gone, and many a thrifty tear.
There was an increase in a man like that;
And though he be forgotten, it was good
For more than one of us that he was here.

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WHY EUROPE HAS NOT MADE PEACE

I—THE DELIRIUM OF VICTORY

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

MADNESS in a contagious form seems to have influenced the acts and policies of governments, diplomats, and whole nations since 1918. The wisdom which created most of the doctrines by which the world has been governed for centuries suddenly defaulted, giving place to passions and jealousies which are making a farce of international justice. This condition is shrewdly analyzed by an eminent historian who has watched the European drama through the windows of his library.

THE period dating from 1918 to 1923 will be recorded among the saddest in the history of Europe. It shows an uninterrupted chain of capital errors. In these five years everybody has acted wrongly,—governments, diplomats, parliaments, army staffs, newspapers, and voters, both men and women. The result is that every one is cursing peace, and alternatively laying the blame upon one and then another. England is not satisfied. Instead of conquering the whole of Asia, and the oceans, she has lost, or is about to lose, Egypt, India, and Ireland, the best of her world customers. On the sea she is threatened by America and Japan. France is not satisfied, and feels that danger for her has been increased by the weakening of Germany. Italy, Poland, and Jugoslavia are discontented. Let us not even mention the vanquished nations. Europe is full of resentment, hatred, and rage. Peace is a task of Sisyphus. Spring brings a new promise, summer kills both the spring roses and the dawning hopes, autumn turns its back on the summer and its promises, only to pursue other illusions and other promises.

I know that the bringing about of peace was a difficult task, but not more difficult, and perhaps even easier, than it was in 1814. When Napoleon disappeared with the whole of his illusive Empire, he left Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, and Spain, and the half of Germany without a government. And in those times people did not know how to substitute another form of government for the one discredited.

In 1919 when the Peace Convention opened its doors in Paris, the Germans, Poles, Russians, Hungarians, Bohemians, and

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Australians had already constituted themselves into republics, which, if only of a temporary nature, had begun in some way or other to be self-governing. The Paris Convention should have completed and perfected, by verifying the frontiers of each republic, what the various peoples had already partly done on their own initiative. If the men of 1814 were able to lay in Vienna the plans of a Europe which lasted a century, how is it that the men of 1919 appeared so inferior to them?

And yet from his little study, hidden in a garden, one writer had watched and understood. He had no oracle outside the books in which the history of the eighteenth century had been written, but still he wrote and spoke, foretelling that the greatest part of the treaties which were being made in Paris would remain dead letters; and in many points bring only disappointment to those who had made them, and prepare new difficulties and novel sufferings to the world. This involuntary prophet wishes to begin by stating that it was not the spirit of Ezekiel speaking through him. It was sufficient for him to know what a treaty consists of, how it is observed, and how it can be enforced.

It was sufficient for him to know what a government is, from where it gets the power to live, the strength to give orders, the right of commanding obedience.

It was sufficient for him to possess an exact notion of the limits within which force can be successfully used by a State.

It was sufficient for him to have some knowledge of the history of Europe before and after 1789, and to apply these facts and experiments to the problems which the war had placed before Europe, and which it was the business of the Peace Conference to solve with common sense and without preconceived hatred.

I have said "common sense and without preconceived hatred." In the lack of these we see both the fault and the danger. The winners did not add their sums aright in Paris; today they notice their mistake and do not know how to rectify it, because they have abused and continue to abuse a power which they do not rightfully possess; because they do not know and do not want to know what a treaty, a government, and an army is. Ambition, pride, cupidity, revenge, and fatuity; these are links in the devilish chain which is dragging Europe to her ruin.

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Notwithstanding their many errors and negligences, the enormous superiority in human material and wealth (particularly when the United States joined the Allies) made it possible for the old Allied States to escape defeat; but it did not save them from the perilous temptations of victory.

What an enormous change came in the public mind of the larger allied states between November, 1918, and February, 1919! Only persons who have known these countries during and after the war can realize it. Quite suddenly we saw people and governments turn their backs on the one great truth of the war, namely, that the larger allied nations had emerged from the conflict with a gain in security, but a loss in power. Ambitions, passions, and covetousness were suddenly awakened in the governments and in the public opinion of the world. Governments and peoples alike cast their eye on territorial expansion, dreamed of reprisals and revenge. Every nation was convinced that it was entitled to the lion's share of the victory.

In the meantime the soldiers returned from the trenches, and threw themselves into the orgies which for three years had been the privilege of those whom the war had favored by bringing gain without peril. Everyone was persuaded that the rapid consumption of the capital accumulated by three generations would continue forever. No one cared to stop and think that the bills were here, and had to be paid. It was a general opinion that an era of extraordinary prosperity for industry and commerce was about to begin, and this opinion was endorsed by the theory that there were nations such as Russia, Austria, Germany, Hungary, Roumania, which needed everything because they had lost all their stocks in the war and were therefore open markets for machinery, clothes, hardware, and foodstuffs.

One evening in Paris three bankers were endorsing this argument and exchanging optimistic views. I objected that if I suddenly felt the need of possessing the Palace of Versailles, my need would not give me the power of buying it, meaning by that, that it is not sufficient to need a thing, but it is necessary to have a buying power, or in other words, to have something to offer in exchange. Not one of the three understood me, and they were bankers. And every person all over Europe was buying, selling, gambling, speculating, and enjoying himself as

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if the world were in an unusual state of prosperity. An insolent form of prostitution polluted street cafes, and public as well as private meetings. Jewels and gold shone everywhere, silks and furs had become so commonplace as to prevent distinction between a princess and a peasant. The State encouraged the bacchanal by throwing handfuls of money to the intoxicated crowds, forgetting that the money was either loaned or falsified by paper inflation. Woe to him who dared to hint that the moment had come to cut down expenses, and think not only of paying one's debts, but especially of not contracting new ones. The world had lost its mind to such an extent that while it was sharpening its knives to flay Germany with the Treaty of Versailles, it was making Germany a present of billions and billions, as if to thank her for having declared war on the world.

In which European nation did a particle of good sense survive from this horrible bacchanal celebrated on numberless tombs? From the day of the armistice, war and peace, might and right, country and humanity, conservatism and revolution, authority and license, red and white; all became but banners representing various passions and interests, each at war with the other. Men and parties very different from one another arose from the ruins of the ancient monarchies of Europe, profiting by the inexperience of the new democracies to realize their own dictatorial dreams. And uncontrolled power was fought for, either by exalting popular sentiment, or by promising the unattainable.

Some of these parties took victory as a hostage and obliged it to promise what victory could never give. Other parties instead stood on the lookout, to avail themselves of the disappointments which must inevitably follow the rash promises, and to preach revolution.

The Peace Conference was poisoned by these various passions. Reasoning through an exalted mind, it became impossible to separate truth from falsehood, the real from the fantastic. It is not sufficient to be intelligent, to think and judge righteously; a certain amount of serenity is also necessary. Passion undermines not only logic, but also arithmetic.

It so happened that the victors did not understand any of the things which would have enabled them to save the whole of Europe, including themselves. They did not understand that

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once Germany had lost Alsace-Lorraine and had been forced to hold the plebiscite in Slesvig demanded by the Treaty of Prague in 1866, it was necessary to go slowly, and possibly to have Germany's consent before changing the Polish frontiers.

They did not understand that the proclamation of the republic in Berlin was one of the greatest results of the war, and the triumph of the struggle for democracy which had begun with the French revolution. The winners ought to have aided the German Republic in her first and difficult steps. They ought to have asked less from the republic than from the former monarchy. We have such an example in the coalition of 1814 in which the assembled nations offered a dignified treaty of peace to Louis XVIII once he had been restored to the French throne.

They did not understand that in making no difference between monarchy and republic in the enforcement of a humiliating treaty, they were depriving the republic not only of the strength to carry out the treaty, but also of the power to govern Germany, thus paving the way to a restoration of monarchy which is doomed to come sooner or later.

They did not understand that indemnities cannot be either established or accepted without discussion, like the penalty for a crime of which a whole people is guilty, but that they must be subject to discussion and to the consent of the vanquished, who must see in them a pledge of good will toward the world, by contributing to the reconstruction of ancient prosperity.

They did not understand that the disarmament of Germany was only part of a truce to be concluded by all the great powers of Europe, similar to the one concluded in Vienna in 1814. Without such a general truce it could not be anything but a bad imitation of Napoleonic imperialism.

They did not understand that the fall of the Russian Empire had maimed the Allied victory. They had triumphed over Austria and Germany, but on the other hand Austria and Germany had destroyed Russia; so that the Allies could not consider themselves victorious in the east as well as in the west. The fall of Russia made the dominion of Asia uncertain, and Turkey which had been released from her most powerful enemy, Russia, could better be counted among the winning than among the loosing nations.

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They did not understand that once the most powerful dynasties had fallen, it was necessary to find some other way of binding into states the people of central Europe, belonging to different races, speaking different tongues, who were held together by a crown. And one ought not to have recurred to compulsory means; the bond was to be sought within the will of the people themselves and not outside of it.

They did not understand that it was necessary to multiply the plebiscites and recur to them on every contended spot, from Montenegro to Upper Silesia; it was necessary to allow vanquished nations such as Hungary to have the plebiscites for which they asked, and to observe them loyally.

The victors understood none of these things. The peace treaties and the policies followed by the victorious nations, not only in endeavoring to enforce them each one to his own advantage, but in reorganizing Europe, had been subject to criticism of every kind. But the reproaches can be brought down to one: everybody wanted too much.

At this point we come to ask ourselves the following questions. For what reasons have these passions been so strong as to deprive an entire people of the instinct of self-preservation, inducing them to sign treaties which are not less fatal to the losers than to themselves? Europe has for centuries been a great school of political wisdom, and has created most of the doctrines by which the world is governed. How is it then that just at the time when the need would have been greatest, this wisdom suddenly defaulted and failed to assist in repairing one of the world's greatest catastrophes?

To answer these questions, we shall have to reveal the deep-seated malady from which not only Europe but the entire western civilization is suffering, including the part which has been kept distant from the storm and appears to be living in comparative security and peace. But the answer being deep and complicated, we will pass it on to another chapter and endeavor at the same time to see what hopes can be harbored as to an early, distant, partial, or total recovery.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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MY LIFE IN ART

Part One—The Beginnings of The Moscow Art Theatre

Constantin Stanislavsky

Translated from the Russian by J. J. Robbins

SINCE its foundation twenty-five years ago, the Moscow Art Theatre has performed an important service in creating a finer and truer theatrical tradition. Here the chief stage director of the Moscow players, whose productions have been enthusiastically acclaimed in this country, tells of the difficulties that had to be surmounted in preparing for the opening season of the new venture. This is the first of a series of four articles dealing with picturesque phases of a life devoted to art.

IN THE spring of 1898 we were faced by a great deal of labor in the preparation of a repertoire for our opening in the following winter. We had no theatre, for the one we had rented in Moscow was to pass into our hands only with the beginning of September, and there was not even a room at our disposal for rehearsals. Happily, one of the members of the Society of Art and Literature, N. N. Arkhipov (later the stage director Arbatov) offered us a barn on his estate near the summer resort Pushkino, some thirty versts from Moscow. We rebuilt the barn for our needs,—constructed a stage, a small auditorium, a rest room for the men, one for the women, and added a roofed terrace where the actors might wait for their entrances and drink tea.

At first we had no servants, and all of us,—stage-directors, actors, and administrators,—took turns at cleaning the place. The rehearsals began at eleven in the morning and ended at five in the afternoon. Until seven the actors were free to bathe in the river near by, to dine, and to rest, but at seven they returned for the second rehearsal of the day, which lasted until eleven at night. In this manner we were able to rehearse two plays each day. And what plays! In the morning *Tsar Fyodor*, in the evening *Antigoné;* or, in the morning *The Merchant of Venice*, and in the evening either *Hannele* or *The Seagull*. Parallel with the rehearsals in the barn, individual work was being done with one or two of the actors.

The actors found lodging in the village of Pushkino. Each group established its own household economies. At the begin-

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ning, until all the newcomers grew used to each other, there were many misunderstandings. But gradually, after closer knowledge of our common work was established, a better relationship between the actors was reached. When free of rehearsals they engaged in practical jokes. We lived a friendly and a jolly life. As for myself, I lived on the estate of my parents, some six versts from Pushkino. At eleven each morning I came to the barn for rehearsals and remained there until late in the night. Between rehearsals I rested and dined in the home of one of the actors of the theatre, Serafim Sudbinin, who was later to become a famous sculptor. Thanks to his hospitality I established my headquarters in his little hut which stood next to the rehearsal barn. In the same hut the artist Victor Simov was making models for the scenery which was being prepared in Moscow.

On the 14th of June, 1898, when I was traveling to the opening of the rehearsal barn, the horse that drew my carriage became frightened, ran wild, and almost succeeded in destroying the carriage and myself with it. Actors are superstitious. They discussed the fact at length, wondering whether it boded good or bad luck. Why did the thing happen on the day of the opening? Why had it happened to the chief stage director? But in such mysterious matters it is supposed that a misfortune augurs good luck, and vice versa. And my accident was accepted as a lucky sign. Soon there was another: two of our actors had fallen in love and announced their engagement, and weddings (which are commonly supposed to bear the character of misfortunes) bring good luck.

It was in such a childlike mood that the actors prepared themselves for a future which frightened them. We had to be successful, no matter what it might cost us. We all understood this, as well as the fact that it would be hard to be successful. Outside the theatre an atmosphere inimical to us was being rapidly created. Individuals and the press (which was mostly favorable to us) were trumpeting abroad the failure that awaited us in Moscow. We were dubbed amateurs; it was said that the new venture was the hobby of a self-deceiving merchant (this last intended to hurt me personally). Many scoffed at our decision to produce only ten plays each season, for the other theatres of the city were in the habit of producing a new play every week,

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and even at that they could not attract enough spectators. Clever special writers chose us to be the victims of their wit. They affirmed that we were breeding mosquitoes, flies, crickets, and other insects so that for the sake of realism we might crush some on our foreheads and others on the walls, and force the trained crickets to chirp in order to create an atmosphere of truth to life on the stage. One magazine of very large circulation devoted an entire issue to us. Such treatment excited and frightened us, for we did not know its popularizing and advertising value.

This skepticism forced us to labor all the more, and our work reached superhuman proportions. It was necessary to coalesce, to unify, to reduce to a common denominator all the actors of the troupe, the young and the old, the amateurs and the professionals, the experienced and the inexperienced, the gifted and the ungifted. It was necessary to create the whole administration of a complex theatrical organism; it was necessary to establish a financial apparatus. The only man who could solve the last problem and steer our ship between all the Scyllae and Charybdae, was Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko, who was possessed of an exceptional administrative genius. At first he was forced to occupy himself only with this tedious task.

My work also was hard, but it was much more interesting. It consisted of making all the new members of the troupe acquainted with the chief fundamentals of our art. This was not easy, for at that time I was not yet an authority in the eyes of the experienced provincial actors to whom the rest of the troupe willingly gave heed. Of course these men from the provinces preached the very opposite of what Nemirovich-Danchenko and I wanted, for our goal was to destroy ancient "hokum" in the theatre. Often these provincial actors told me that our demands could not be fulfilled, or that they were not scenic, or that the spectator would not hear, see, or understand the nuances on which I insisted; that the stage demanded visualized action, a loud voice, a rapid tempo, and full-toned acting. This full-toned acting was understood by many of the actors not in the sense of the fullness of inner emotion and comprehension, but in the sense of the fullness of shouting, of exaggerated gesture and action, and a primitively vulgar delineation of the rôle, fed by animal temperament.

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In such quarrels with the experienced actors, nothing was left to me but to seek the help of my friends, my old comrades in the Society of Art and Literature. I asked them to mount the stage and show the obstinate that my demands could be fulfilled. But when this also failed to persuade, I mounted the boards myself, acted and drew applause from those who believed as I did and who had accepted our new scenic faith; and with the help of such success insisted on the fulfilment of my demands. But at times even this did not serve. Often I was forced to take even more radical steps. I would leave the obstinate actor in peace and redouble my efforts with his partner. To the latter I would give the most interesting of the mise-en-scenes, and help him in all ways that a stage director could, working with him after rehearsals, and letting the obstinate one do whatever he wished. I confess that I even stooped to duplicity in order to teach the obstinate a lesson. I helped him to stress all the ancient conventionalities which he called tradition. In answer to the speech of the experienced actor, sung with false pathos, I taught his partner to talk simply and according to the inner significance of the words.

At last my preparatory work was given an examination. This was the rehearsal at which for the first time a play was presented before the whole company, the stage-directors, and our friends. At this rehearsal the obstinate, old, experienced actors failed completely, while their younger comrades received many compliments. This had a chastening effect.

At other moments, when it was necessary to bring all to one common denominator, I fell back upon the despotic stage direction that I had learned from the methods of Kronek with the Meiningen Players. I demanded that the actors obey me, and forced them to do so. True, many of them performed what I directed them to do only outwardly, for they were not yet ready to understand those directions through the medium of feeling. But what was I to do? I could see no other means, for we were faced by the necessity of creating in the space of a few months a complete troupe and a new theatre with new tendencies.

I had brought into the new venture no unusually large baggage of artistic knowledge and experience. But Nemirovich-Danchenko had brought very considerable erudition and experience.

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Together there was *something* in the nature of a valuable impetus to an art that was beginning to turn cold in the mold of routine. Of course, it was impossible to dream of molding all our actors into a new form in the space of several months. Therefore my chief problem lay in the preparation of the performance itself. Under this shelter the actors were to be given time to grow and to form. While Simov was making of himself a real theatrical artist, I was forced to enter into all the details of costumes and scenery. Luckily, Simov was a rare exception among the artists of that period, for he was interested not only in painting, but in the play itself, from the actor's and stage-director's viewpoints. Together with him we sought means which might for the time being direct the attention of the audience away from the actor and convert the usual demands for conventionality and theatricality to which it had become used, to something better. I denied, deny, and will deny theatricality in that bad sense in which it is usually understood. I recognize not the theatricality, but the scenic quality of that which takes place in the theatre.

To create that which is scenic, and get rid of lichened theatricality,—that was our greatest care at the time. In approaching this goal we were not afraid of using any means to destroy the dead branches of the tree of the theatre. For instance, the orchestra with its polkas and castanets, before the rise of the curtain on a tragedy,—what relation had such cheap music to Hamlet? Where was one to find a composer who understood the conditions and the demands that the play exacted of music? These are altogether different than in the case of opera or the symphony, and it was therefore necessary to create a composer of the new type. We made a trial in this direction also, ordering special music as an overture to *Tsar Fyodor*. The overture was excellent musically, but it did not help our dramatic purposes. The result was that for the first time in Moscow music was completely banned during the intermissions.

We found a great deal of difficulty in securing costumes for our historical plays, for the theatrical costumiers in Moscow knew of only two sorts of costumes, those of the *Faust* period and those of the period of *Les Huguenots*. We were forced to study costumes and to make them ourselves. First of all we tackled *Tsar Fyodor*. In our search for atmosphere, my wife,

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Simov, and I arranged expeditions that took us to cities of Russia famous for their past, like Rostov-Yaroslavsky, Yaroslavl, and Troitze-Sergeievo. Nemirovich-Danchenko would remain in Pushkino to look after the rehearsals, while we three, together with my assistant stage-director, Sanin, took to the road.

Together with plays of a production character, with effective costumes and scenery, it was also necessary to think of the works of contemporary authors. The rôle of the rejuvenator of the repertoire on its literary side was undertaken by Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko. He began with Chekhov, whose friend he had been for a long time.

At that time Nemirovich-Danchenko was one of the best among the younger dramatists. He was considered to have inherited the mantle of Ostrovsky. He had already received half the Griboyedov Prize for one of his plays. The other half of the prize was given to Chekhov for *The Seagull*. But Nemirovich-Danchenko considered this division of the prize unjust. It seemed to him that *The Seagull* was immeasurably higher than the play that he had written. He declined his half of the prize in favor of his rival. Of course the dream of Nemirovich-Danchenko was to show this play of Chekhov's on the boards of our theatre, for he was convinced that Chekhov had found new paths for the art of the time. But an obstacle barred the fulfilment of his dreams. *The Seagull* had been produced in one of the theatres in St. Petersburg. Chekhov had been present at the performance, and had run away, for the play had failed. In a fit of despair he passed the whole night on the shore of the Neva River, exposing himself to the icy and piercing wind. This was a risky thing for Chekhov, who suffered with tuberculosis. He caught a cold, his illness became more marked, and the doctors sent him to Yalta in the Crimea, where Nemirovich-Danchenko wrote him of our plans about his play.

Chekhov did not agree for a long time, but Nemirovich-Danchenko insisted. It cost him a great deal of effort to persuade Chekhov that the play was not dead, but had been shown to the public in the wrong manner. Chekhov could not make up his mind to live over again the tortures he had undergone in St. Petersburg, but Nemirovich-Danchenko at last succeeded, and permission to produce the play was received. And here Nemiro-

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vich-Danchenko met still another obstacle. Only few people at that time understood Chekhov's play, although now it seems so simple to most of us. It seemed that it was not scenic, that it was monotonous and boresome. First of all Nemirovich-Danchenko began to persuade me, for I, like the others, had found *The Seagull* strange and monotonous after its first reading. During the course of many evenings Vladimir Ivanovich hammered all the beauties of Chekhov's work into my head. He could talk of a play so well that one had to like it before he was through. How many times in later years both he and I and the theatre as a whole suffered because of this ability of his!

While Nemirovich-Danchenko talked of the rôles and the play, we liked them. But the moment I was alone with the script of the play, I became bored with it. Unconvinced, with chaos in my soul, I was allowed to leave Moscow and stay at the estate of one of my brothers, where I was to write the plans and send them to Moscow, from where they were to be taken to Pushkino for preparatory rehearsals. A tremendous task lay before me, but I saw and felt the play at last. While I wrote I would say to myself: "If you want it so much, I will write it, but I don't at all understand of what use it is."

It was thus I reasoned at that time, being occupied with other and completely false problems of the theatre. To my amazement, I received from Pushkino a great deal of praise for my work. I was glad, not so much because Nemirovich-Danchenko praised me, for he was captivated by the play and might be prejudiced in favor of my work, but because the actors themselves, who did not like the play, wrote in the same strain as Nemirovich-Danchenko. At last I received a letter that Chekhov himself, who had been present at a rehearsal, had endorsed my work. From the same letter I learned that Chekhov was very much interested in our theatre and prophesied a large future for it. "Once cultured people are at its head, and not theatrical mountebanks, it cannot but be successful," he said.

The youth, the fanaticism, the ability to work, and the revolutionary spirit of our theatre in the sense of artistic rejuvenation also excited Chekhov and were liked by him. "It seems that he has grown to like us," they wrote me from Moscow.

Returning home, I no longer found the theatre at Pushkino.

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It was already in the city and was housed in the theatre building we had rented for the season. I was met by a great disappointment. I remember that when I approached the theatre after my little vacation I could not control a nervous shiver of excitement. This shiver was the result of the thought, "I am going to my theatre; I have a theatre, a stage, dressing-rooms, real actors. In this theatre I can create the life of which I have dreamt so long; I can cleanse art of all flotsam and jetsam; I can create a temple instead of a market-place." But what was my disappointment when I entered the same Punch and Judy house on which we had declared war. The Hermitage in Karetny Row was in a terrible state,—dirty, dusty, ill-constructed, unheated, with the smell of beer and some sort of acid that had remained from the summer uses of the building. We were forced to invent methods of turning the stable into a temple, and of creating an interior that would be bearable for cultured people. We painted all the walls and the posters white. The rotten chairs were covered with decent material. We found carpets and spread them in the corridors which bordered on the auditorium, to deaden the sound of footsteps. We took the nasty curtains from the doors and the windows; we washed the windows and painted their frames, hung tulle curtains, and hid the worst corners with laurel trees and flowers. But as soon as we cleaned or repaired one fault, another would take its place. I tried to drive a nail into the wall of my dressing-room in order to hang a shelf, but the wall was so thin and old that a brick fell out from under the hammer, leaving a hole in the wall through which the cold air of the street came in.

But we did not give up hope; we continued to struggle with the obstacles. And they were very serious. I remember that at one of the performances I was forced to tear my costume away from the wall of my dressing-room, to which it had frozen, and to put the costume on without warming it. How many of our rehearsals were conducted to the accompaniment of deafening blows on metal chimneys which were being repaired in a hurry, only to break down on the morrow! The electric wires were also out of order, and the rehearsals took place by candle-light or in complete darkness. Each day brought its own worries, holding up our work in the most hurried moment before the opening of

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the theatre. Parallel with all this domestic work there went on the administrative work of the theatre. It was necessary to give the theatre a name, but as we were still engaged in guesswork as to its future physiognomy, this question hung fire from day to day. The Popular Theatre, The Dramatic Theatre, The Moscow Theatre, The Theatre of the Society of Art and Literature,—all these names were subjected to criticism, and none of them were satisfactory. The worst of the matter was that there was no time to concentrate and think deeply about the name. In the end I heard the voice of Nemirovich-Danchenko in my ear: "It is impossible to wait any longer. I propose that we call our theatre 'The Moscow Art and Popular Theatre.' Do you agree,—yes or no? It is necessary to decide at once."

If at such a moment a stage-director decides on a criminal act, a just judge must look on him with mercy. Without thinking, I gave my consent. But I confess that on reading next day a notice in the papers of the opening of "The Moscow Art and Popular Theatre," I became frightened, for I understood what a responsibility we had shouldered with the word "Art." But God sent me solace. That same day Moskvin was being shown in *Tsar Fyodor*, and made a tremendous impression on me. I wept, what with his playing, what with my own emotions, what with joy, what with hope that among us there grew talented men that might become great artists. There was something to suffer for and something to work for.

Time flew. There came the last evening before the opening. The rehearsals ended, but it seemed that nothing had been done and that the performance was not ready. I wanted to rehearse all night, but Nemirovich-Danchenko insisted on stopping all work and giving the artists time to concentrate and rest.

Notwithstanding the late hour, I could not leave the theatre. I remember that the always happy and optimistic Fyodor Ivanovich Chaliapin came in to join me, and together we considered the details of the making of the grayish-green curtain which, it seemed to us, was destined to revolutionize art.

End of Part One. The second part contains reminiscences of Chekhov and the first performance of "The Seagull"

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THE IDOLATROUS DOG

AGNES REPPLIER

CONTRARY to a popular notion for which writers of fiction are largely responsible, an affection for dogs is not necessarily a test of integrity and generosity. Equally unwarranted are the assumption that a dog knows a good from a bad man when he sees one and the belief that some dogs attain to human sagacity and standards of morality. Love for dogs is often a sign of inordinate vanity on the part of human beings who require some form of idolatrous worship and uncritical devotion.

WE SHALL never know why a feeling of shame attends certain harmless sensations, certain profoundly innocent tastes and distastes. Why, for example, are we abashed when we are cold, and boastful when we are not? There is no merit or distinction in being insensitive to cold, or in wearing thinner clothing than one's neighbor. And what strange impulse is it which induces otherwise truthful people to say they like music when they don't, and thus expose themselves to hours of boredom? We are not necessarily morons or moral lepers because we have no ear for harmony. It is a significant circumstance that Shakespeare puts his intolerant lines,

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
> . . . . . .
> Let no such man be trusted"

in the mouth of Lorenzo who disdained neither stratagems nor spoils, and who carried off the Jew's ducats as well as the Jew's daughter. And Jessica, who sits by his side in the moonlight, and responds with delicate grace,

> "I am never merry when I hear sweet music"

is the girl who "gilded" herself with stolen gold, and gave her dead mother's ring for a monkey.

It is a convenience not to feel cold when the thermometer falls, and it is a pleasure to listen appreciatively to a symphony concert. It is also a convenience to relish the proximity of dogs, inasmuch as we live surrounded by these animals, and it is a pleasure to respond to their charm. But there is no virtue in liking them, any more than there is virtue in liking wintry

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weather or stringed instruments. An affection for dogs is not, as we have been given to understand, a test of an open and generous disposition. Still less is their affection for us to be accepted as a guarantee of our integrity. The assumption that a dog knows a good from a bad human being when he sees one is unwarranted. It is part of that engulfing wave of sentiment which swept the world in the wake of popular fiction. Dickens is its most unflinching exponent. Henry Gowan's dog, Lion, springs at the throat of Blandois, alias Lagnier, alias Rigaud, for no other reason than that he recognizes him as a villain, without whom the world would be a safer and better place to live in. Florence Dombey's dog, Diogenes, looks out of an upper window, observes Mr. Carker peacefully walking the London streets, and tries to jump down and bite him then and there. He sees at once what Mr. Dombey has not found out in years,—that Carker is a base wretch, unworthy of the confidence reposed in him.

A few animals of this kind might, in real life, close the courts of justice. The Dickens dog is detective, prosecuting attorney, judge, jury, and executioner, all in one. He stands responsible for a whole school of fictitious canines who combine the qualities of Vidocq, Sherlock Holmes, and the Count of Monte Cristo. I read recently a story in which the villain was introduced as "that anomalous being, the man who doesn't like dogs." After that, no intelligent reader could have been unprepared to find him murdering his friend and partner. So much was inevitable. And no experienced reader could have been unprepared for the behavior of the friend and partner's dog, which recognizes the anomaly as a person likely to commit murder, and, without wasting time on circumstantial evidence, tracks him down, and, unaided, brings him to his death. A simple, clean-cut retribution, contrasting favorably with the cumbersome processes of law.

Last June the governor of Maine had the misfortune to lose his dog. He signified his sense of loss, and his appreciation of the animal's good qualities, by lowering the American flag on the Augusta State House to half-mast. He was able to do this because he was governor, and there was no one to say him nay. Nevertheless, certain sticklers for formality protested against an innovation which opened up strange possibilities for the future; and one logical lady observed that a dog was no more a

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citizen than was a strawberry patch, a statement not open to contradiction. The country at large, however, supported the governor's action. Newspaper men wrote editorials lauding the "home-spun" virtues of an official who set a true value on an honest dog's affection. Poets wrote verses about "Old Glory" and "Garry" (the dog's name); and described Saint Peter as promptly investing this worthy quadruped with the citizenship of Heaven. The propriety or impropriety of lowering the national flag for an animal,—which was the question under dispute,—was buried beneath the avalanche of sentiment which is always ready to fall at the sound of a dog's name.

Some years ago a gust of criticism swept Pennsylvania because a resident of that state had spent five hundred dollars on the obsequies of his dog. The Great War, though drawing to a close, was not yet over, and perhaps the thought of men unburied on the battlefield, and refugees starving for bread, intensified public feeling. There was the usual outcry, as old as Christianity,—"this might have been given to the poor." There was the usual irrelevant laudation of the Pennsylvania dog, and of dogs in general. People whose own affairs failed to occupy their attention (there are many such) wrote vehement letters to the daily press. At last a caustic reader chilled the agitation by announcing that he was prepared to give five hundred dollars any day for the privilege of burying his next-door neighbor's dog. Whether or not this offer was accepted, the public never knew; but what troubled days and sleepless nights must have prompted its prodigality!

The honor accorded to the dog is no new thing. It has for centuries rewarded his valor and fidelity. Responsibilities, duties, compensations,—these have always been his portion. Sirius shines in the heavens, and Cerberus guards in hell. The dog, Katmir, who watched over the Seven Sleepers for three hundred and nine years, gained Paradise for his pains, as well he might. Even the ill-fated hounds of Actæon, condemned to kill their more ill-fated master, are in some sort immortal, inasmuch as we may know, if we choose, the names of every one of them. Through the long pages of legend and romance the figure of the dog is clearly outlined; and when history begins with man's struggle for existence, the dog may still be found his

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ally and confederate. It was a strange fatality which impelled this animal to abandon communal life and the companionship of his kind for the restraints, the safety, the infinite weariness of domesticity. It was an amazing pliancy which caused him to accept a set of principles foreign to his nature,—the integrity of work, the honorableness of servitude, the artificial values of civilization.

As a consequence of this extraordinary change of base, we have grown accustomed to judge the dog by human standards. In fact, there are no other standards which apply to him. The good dog, like the good man, is the dog which has duties to perform, and which performs them faithfully. The bad dog, like the bad man, is the dog which is idle, ill-tempered, and over-indulged by women. Women are responsible for most of the dog-failures, as well as for many of the man-failures of the world. So long as they content themselves with toy beasts, this does not much matter; but a real dog, beloved and therefore pampered by his mistress, is a lamentable spectacle. He suffers from fatty degeneration of his moral being.

What if the shepherd dog fares hardly, and if exposure stiffens his limbs! He has at least lived, and played his part in life. Nothing more beautiful, or more poignant, has ever been written about any animal than James Hogg's description of his old collie which could no longer gather in the sheep, and with which he was compelled to part, because—poor Ettrick shepherd—he could not afford to pay the tax on two dogs. The decrepit beast refused to be separated from the flocks which had been his care and pride. Day after day he hobbled along, watching the new collie bustling about his work, and,—too wise to interfere,—looking with reproachful eyes at the master who had so reluctantly discarded him.

The literature of the dog is limitless. A single shelf would hold all that has been written about the cat. A library would hardly suffice for the prose and verse dedicated to the dog. From "Gêlert" to "Rab" and "Bob, Son of Battle," he has dominated ballad and fiction. Few are the poets and few the men of letters who have not paid some measure of tribute to him. Goethe, indeed, and Alfred de Musset detested all dogs, and said so composedly. Their detestation was temperamental, and not

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the result of an unfortunate encounter, such as hardened the heart of Dr. Isaac Barrow, mathematician, and Master of Trinity College. Sidney Smith tells us with something akin to glee that this eminent scholar, when taking an early stroll in the grounds of a friend and host, was attacked by a huge and unwarrantably suspicious mastiff. Barrow, a fighter all his life (a man who would fight Algerine pirates was not to be easily daunted), hurled the dog to the ground, and fell on top of him. The mastiff could not get up, but neither could Barrow, who called loudly for assistance. It came, and the combatants were separated; but a distaste for morning strolls and an aversion for dogs lingered in the Master's mind. There was one less enthusiast in the world.

We are apt to think that the exuberance of sentiment entertained by Americans for dogs is a distinctively British trait, that we have inherited it along with our language, our literature, our manliness, our love of sport, our admirable outdoor qualities. But it may be found blooming luxuriously in other and less favored lands. That interesting study of Danish childhood by Carl Ewald called *My Little Boy* contains a chapter devoted to the lamentable death of a dog named Jean, "the biggest dog in Denmark." This animal, though at times condescending to kindness, knew how to maintain his just authority. "He once bit a boy so hard that the boy still walks lame. He once bit his own master." The simple pride with which these incidents are narrated would charm a dog-lover's soul. And the lame boy's testimony is not taken.

Of all writers who have sung the praises of the dog, and who have justified our love for him, Maeterlinck has given the fullest expression to the profound and absorbing egotism which underlies this love. Never for a moment does he consider his dog save as a worshipper. Never does he think of himself save as a being worshipped. Never does he feel that this relationship can be otherwise than just, reasonable, and satisfying to both parties. "The dog," he says, "reveres us as though we had drawn him out of nothing. He has a morality which surpasses all that he is able to discover in himself, and which he can practise without scruple and without fear. He possesses truth in its fulness. He has a certain and infinite ideal."

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And what is this ideal? "He" (the dog) "is the only living being that has found, and recognizes an indubitable, unexceptionable and definite god."

And who is this god? M. Maeterlinck, you, I, anybody who has bought and reared a puppy. Yet we are told that the dog is intelligent. What is there about men which can warrant the worship of a wise beast? What sort of "truth in its fulness" is compatible with such a blunder? Yet it is for the sake of being idolized that we prize and cherish the idolater. Our fellow mortals will not love us unless we are lovable. They will not admire us unless we are admirable. Our cats will probably neither love nor admire us, being self-engrossed animals, free from encumbering sensibilities. But our dogs will love and admire the meanest of us, and feed our colossal vanity with their uncritical homage. M. Maeterlinck recognizes our dependence on the dog for the deification we crave, and is unreasonably angry with the cat for her aloofness. In her eyes, he complains, we are parasites in our own homes. "She curses us from the depths of her mysterious heart."

She does not. She tolerates us with a wise tolerance, recognizing our usefulness, and indulgent of our foibles. Domesticity has not cost her the heavy price it has cost the dog. She has merely exchanged the asylum of cave or tree for the superior accommodation of the house. Her habits remain unaltered, her freedom unviolated. Cream-fed and pampered, she still loves the pleasures of the chase; nor will she pick and choose her prey at the recommendation of prejudiced humanity. M. Maeterlinck, who has striven to enter into the consciousness of the dog, describes it as congested with duties and inhibitions. There are chairs he must not sit on, rooms he must not enter, food he must not steal, babies he must not upset, cats he must not chase, visitors he must not bark at, beggars and tramps he must not permit to enter the gates. He lives under as many, and as strict, compulsions as though he were a citizen of the United States. By comparison with this perverted intelligence, this artificial morality, the mind of the cat appears like a cool and spacious chamber, with only her own spirit to fill it, and only her own tastes and distastes to be consulted and obeyed.

Perhaps it is because the dog is so hedged in by rules and

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regulations that he has lost his initiative. Descended from animals that lived in packs, and that enjoyed the advantages of communal intelligence, he could never have possessed this quality as it was possessed by an animal that lived alone, and had only his own acuteness and experience to rely on. But having surrendered his will to the will of man, and his conscience to the keeping of man, the dog has by now grown dependent for his simplest pleasures upon man's caprice. He loves to roam; but whereas the cat does roam at will, rightly rejecting all interference with her liberty, the dog craves permission to accompany his master on a stroll, and, being refused, slinks sadly back to confinement and inaction. I have great respect for those exceptional dogs that take their exercise when they need or desire it in self-sufficing solitude. I once knew an Irish terrier that had this independent turn of mind. He invited himself to daily constitutionals, and might be seen any morning trotting along the roads, miles away from home, with the air of an animal walking to keep his flesh down. In the end he was run over by a speeding motor; but what of that? Die we must, and, while he lived, he was free.

A lordliness of sentiment mars much of the admirable poetry written about dogs. The poet thrones himself before addressing his devoted and credulous ally. Even Matthew Arnold's lines to "Kaiser Dead,"—among the best of their kind,—are heavy with patronage:

> "But all those virtues which commend
> The humbler sort who serve and tend,
> Were thine in store, thou faithful friend."

To be sure, Kaiser was a mongrel; but why emphasize his low estate? As a matter of fact, mongrels, like self-made men, are apt to have a peculiar complacency of demeanor. They do not rank themselves among "the humbler sort;" but "serve and tend" on the same conditions as their betters.

Two years ago Mr. Galsworthy, who stands in the foremost rank of dog-lovers, and who has drawn for us some of the most lifelike and attractive dogs in fiction, pleaded strongly and emotionally for the exemption of this animal from any form of experimental research. He had the popular sentiment of England back of him, because sentiment always *is* emotional. The

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question of vivisection is one of abstract morality. None but the supremely ignorant can deny its usefulness. There remain certain questions which call for clean-cut answers. Does our absolute power over beasts carry with it an absolute right? May we justifiably sacrifice them for the good of humanity? What degree of pain are we morally justified in inflicting on them to save men from disease and death? If we faced the issue squarely, we should feel no more concern for the kind of animal which is used for experimentation than for the kind of human being who may possibly benefit by the experiment. Right and wrong admit of no sentimental distinctions. Yet the vivisectionist pleads, "Is not the life of a young mother worth more than the life of a beast?" The anti-vivisectionist asks: "How can man deliberately torture the creature that loves and trusts him?" And Mr. Galsworthy admitted that he had nothing to say about vivisection in general. Cats and rabbits might take their chance. He asked only that the dog should be spared.

It has been hinted more than once that if we develop the dog's intelligence too far, we may end by robbing him of his illusions. He has absorbed so many human characteristics, vanity, sociability, snobbishness, a sense of humor, and a conscience, that there is danger of his also acquiring the critical faculty. He will not then content himself with flying at the throats of villains,—the out-and-out villain is rare in the common walks of life,—he will doubt the god-like qualities of his master. The warmth of his affection will chill, its steadfastness will be subject to decline.

Of this regrettable possibility there is as yet no sign. The hound, Argus, beating the ground with his feeble tail in an expiring effort to welcome the disguised Odysseus, is a prototype of his successor today. Scattered here and there in the pages of history are instances of unfaithfulness; but their rarity gives point to their picturesqueness. Froissart tells us that the greyhound, Math, deserted his master, King Richard II, to fawn on the Duke of Lancaster who was to depose and succeed him; and that a greyhound belonging to Charles of Blois fled on the eve of battle to the camp of John de Montfort, seeking protection from the stronger man. These anecdotes indicate a grasp of political situations which is no part of the dog's ordinary make-up. Who can imagine the fortunate, faithful little spaniel

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that attended Mary Stuart in her last sad months, and in her last heroic hours, fawning upon Queen Elizabeth? Who can imagine Sir Walter Scott's dogs slinking away from him when the rabble of Jedburgh heaped insults on his bowed grey head?

The most beautiful words ever written about a dog have no reference to his affectionate qualities. Simonides, celebrating the memory of a Thessalian hound, knows only that he was fleet and brave. "Surely, even as thou liest in this tomb, I deem the wild beasts yet fear thy white bones, Lycas; and thy valour great Pelion knows, and the lonely peaks of Cithæron." This is heroic praise, and so, in a fashion, is Byron's epitaph on Boatswain. But Byron, being of the moderns, can find no better way of honoring dogs than by defaming men, a stupidity, pardonable in the poet only because he was the most sincere lover of animals the world has ever known. His tastes were catholic, his outlook was whimsical. He was not in the least discomposed when his forgetful wolf-hound bit him, or when his bulldog bit him without the excuse of forgetfulness. Moore tells us that the first thing he saw on entering Byron's palace in Venice was a notice, "Keep clear of the dog!" and the first thing he heard was the voice of his host calling out anxiously, "Take care, or that monkey will fly at you."

It is a pleasant relief, after floundering through seas of sentiment, to read about dogs that were every whit as imperfect as their masters; about Cowper's "Beau" who has been immortalized for his disobedience; or Sir Isaac Newton's "Diamond" who has been immortalized for the mischief he wrought; or Prince Rupert's "Boy" who was shot while loyally pulling down a rebel on Marston Moor; or the Church of England spaniel mentioned by Addison who proved his allegiance to the Establishment by worrying a dissenter. It is also a pleasure of a different sort to read about the wise little dog who ran away from Mrs. Welsh (Carlyle's mother-in-law) on the streets of Edinburgh, to follow Sir Walter Scott; and about the London dog of sound literary tastes who tried for many nights to hear Dickens read. It is always possible that if men would exact a less unalterable devotion from their dogs, they might find these animals to be possessed of individual and companionable traits.

But not of human sagacity. It is their privilege to remain

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beasts, bound by admirable limitations, thrice happy in the things they do not have to know, and feel, and be. "The Spectator" in a hospitable mood once invited its readers to send them anecdotes of their dogs. The invitation was, as might be imagined, cordially and widely accepted. Mr. Strachey subsequently published a collection of these stories in a volume which had all the vraisemblance of Hans Anderson and *The Arabian Nights*. Reading it, one could but wonder and regret that the tribe of man had risen to unmerited supremacy. "The Spectator" dogs could have run the world, the war, and the Versailles Conference without our lumbering interference.

AFTER READING "SONNETS OF THE CROSS"

(To Thomas S. Jones, Jr.)

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

You brought them back to me from long ago,
Those splendid spirits of an earlier time
Who loved the simple things of God: the chime
Of tide about worn rocks; the gentle low
Of cattle; sheep that wandered to and fro
On windy headlands; sweet-toned bells at prime,
Tierce, nones, and vespers, with the gift sublime
Of Christ Himself beneath the candles' glow.

Patrick and Bridget and the glorious band
Of saints who make of every hill and dell
In Erin bright bastions of God's citadel,
Guard you and keep you, give you strength of hand
To ease a woe-struck world, and, singing, tell
The ancient grace it will not understand!

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THE RED ARMY TODAY

ALEXANDER LUKOMSKY

OVER the heads of the Bolshevik army there hangs a sword of Damocles which ought to reassure nations made nervous by the reported strength of the Red forces. A General of the old Imperial army describes the desperate problem Trotsky has to face in instilling the Communist ideal into the wierdly diverse elements that constitute his military organization. More than any other factors, the lack of technical equipment and transport facilities still keep the Red Army ineffectual.

THE red shadow which arose with the Bolshevist coup of 1917, like a lurid storm-cloud gathered in the East and overhanging the European horizon, has been reflected in various degrees of apprehension and suspense in the capitals of the world. Speculation has been rife as to whether the Soviet Government is preparing the way for the appearance of a Red Bonaparte, or whether it will perhaps evolve a powerfully organized militaristic state equally menacing to the stability of Europe. The secret military pact between Russia and Germany has indeed lent an air of probability to these fears, and contributed largely to the alarm of France and the states on the border-line,—Roumania, Poland, Czechoslovakia,—which look to the larger powers for their national security.

The general apprehension among the Western powers has been emphasized in the policies of France, and to some measure, of England. Monsieur Briand, at the Washington Disarmament Conference, pointed out that the possibility of a Russian army of many millions, secretly strengthened with the vindictive cooperation of German organizing genius, would alone be ample justification for France's advocacy of a strong policy of preparation. Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, maintained throughout his premiership that the trend of affairs in Russia pointed to the evolution of a democratic State, yet he did not succeed in allaying his country's attitude of caution.

That the Russian dictatorship is fully alive to the significance of a huge Red military organization is evident from the candid utterances of its leaders. While the Washington Conference was in progress, Radek was declaring the value of Russia's position

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as a first-class military power, "in the event of an international conflict." At the Ninth Meeting of the Soviets in 1921, Trotsky took a vigorous stand on the necessity of maintaining an army of no less than 1,300,000, while Lenin and Chicherin further accentuated the military ambitions of the new Russia with outspoken emphasis on an organization that "would endeavor to preserve peace at all costs but, forced, would stand by the Republic as one man" against the bourgeois governments of Europe and the East.

1917. The Czarist soldier, his morale undermined by revolutionary propaganda, abandons his rifle on the Eastern front and returns home

From the evidence which the past few years have yielded, is it possible to make a fair appraisal of the power of the mailed fist of the Soviets? According to German data published in the "Militär-Wochenblatt," 1922 (No. 34), the Soviet army in 1921 was 1,600,000 strong, though Trotsky stated at the Ninth Meeting of the Soviets in the same year that an army reduced to 1,300,000, well trained, would show a greater efficiency in 1922 than the former force of 1,600,000. The rumors of a Red army approximating this figure were for a time substantiated by the crushing defeat of the White uprisings. The Soviet Government encouraged this impression, by a continuous and grandiloquent propaganda, aided by photographs, cinema shows, and accounts of parades and manoeuvres.

A few well-informed circles were able, however, to appraise the actual numerical strength of the Soviet army as not exceeding 750,000 men. Even this figure must be diminished by the large percentage which is on an increasing reserve list. Despite this, it is contended that the Soviets may be able to mobilize millions of men in an emergency. But even the possibility of a mobilization of four or five million men, though an absurdly inflated estimate, is insignificant in the face of the grave doubts of

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Russia's ability to wield such a force effectively in the conduct of a modern war.

The Russian soldier is undeniably splendid fighting material, but fighting material takes a secondary place in the impersonal mechanism of the modern military corps. Highly organized enthusiasm, technical equipment, and the facilities of industry and transportation are primary considerations. Whether the Soviets are able to organize these factors into a formidable fighting machine, is more pertinent than the idle speculations over the number of men it can draft under the Red flag.

The Red army of today is, as a matter of fact, partly a survival of reserve battalions of the old regime that joined the revolutionary leaders in 1917; partly the scattered and intimidated remnants of the Royalists who went over to Bolshevist authority through necessity; and partly the newly developed forces which the Bolshevists have gathered from the ranks of the Communists, intermingled with such elements as Letts, and German and Magyar prisoners, Chinese, and Bashkyrs. The allegiance of the old reserve battalions who turned the scales in favor of the first Revolutionists and then determined the success of the Bolshevist sweep, was in response to the promise of immediate peace held out by the Soviets. This is one of many examples of the combination of astounding accidents and tactical ingenuity that served the Bolshevist leaders, giving them a balance of power to which they have clung with a death-like grip.

1918. The Bolshevik revolution has been consummated, but the regime is not yet secure. Communist guards are stationed at strategic corners

The army as now constituted is a vast, unwieldy mixture of diverse and largely incompatible elements, held together by a small minority of Communist enthusiasts. Lenin and Trotsky were, from the first day of their dictatorship, aware of the staggering problem presented by the necessity of keep-

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ing intact the military forces which had swept them into power. The violent grip of the Bolshevist minority upon the shattered structure of the immense and formless Russian masses is reflected in the administration of the Red army, and the methods with which it is held intact. From the start, Lenin and Trotsky were confronted with a double task: first, to establish a dominating Communist element in the Red army while gradually weeding out traces of the old regime; and second, to coordinate the diverse elements from which the new army was to be recruited. With this objective, the commanding posts of the new organization were filled with loyal Communists, whose ranks were broadened by the inclusion of such officers of the former Imperial army as could be readily and safely grafted on the new regime. The difficulties encountered are suggested in Trotsky's speech at the Seventh All-Russian Soviet Congress of December, 1919.

1919. Civil war has commenced. The Red Army stems the tide against Kolchak, Denikin, Petlura, Semeneff, and the Czechoslovaks

"Our army," he said, "must reflect in its organization the regime we seek to impose in every sphere of public life. . . . *It is not a national army.*" He defined his policy in a statement which reveals the paradox underlying his problem. "In every regiment, battalion, or company, there ought to be Communist circles. Unless we organize it this way, the Red army will not exist; it will break up. Some time ago we were deeply interested in Japan's history and her caste—the Samurai—who met death with joy and happiness in honor of their whole nation. Our Commissaries and leading Communists are such a caste as the Samurai!"

Thus from his own words, the ideal of creating a "democratic military force permeated with Communist enthusiasm" is betrayed as a characteristic myth before the necessity for an

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immediate and effective military power which demanded the most rigid exercise of a ruthless caste system. Organized on such a basis, the Red army appears as one of the most extraordinary makeshift military forces in history. The numerical weakness of the unquestionably loyal Communists, forming the topmost stratum of commanding officers, led to the organization of "Communist circles" at all units, with the purpose of spreading Communist loyalty among the uncertain elements.

This effort was extended with the purpose of militarizing the entire social structure of the Bolshevik State. In the words of Trotsky again, "the Commissary must disappear, leaving his empty chair to a commanding officer." The thin ranks of loyal Communists were to be further filled by the products of newly developed Red war colleges, artillery, engineering, and administration academies. How well the Soviet has succeeded in this gigantic program of militarization, may be answered by a classification of the Red army commanding posts:

Communist idealists (no military education)	45%
Officers with Red military school education	15%
Non-commissioned officers of Imperial Army	13%
Reserve officers of Imperial Army	22%
Regular officers of Imperial Army	5%

The price of the maintenance of this precariously linked military chain has been from the very start a vigilant despotism which has sacrificed the lives of 54,650 officers of the former Imperial army whom the Bolshevists confess to having executed. A significant phenomenon has been the growth of the Cheka, or Secret Service Corps, which exercises an absolute power of life and death over the merest suspicion of disloyalty. Over the heads of the ma-

1920. Budenny's cavalry helps to destroy the enemy on the various fronts and finally repels the invading Poles, ending the Civil War

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jority of the groups that occupy the Red army commanding posts,—all who are not of original Communist stock,—hangs the sword of Damocles, which strikes swiftly and often. With these means the Red leaders snatched a succession of victories from the numerous uprisings which threatened them from within. Their first object was to suppress the White movement which originated in South Russia and spread throughout Siberia.

1921. With peace, those who have not been demobilized constitute a Labor Army for rebuilding bridges, roads, and railways

With a series of successes in destroying the annual crops of counter-revolutions to its credit, the Red army has yet to determine whether it can succeed in attaining a strength sufficient to threaten surrounding nations. That it is in reality a police force grown to staggering proportions by the recurring menace of civil wars, and that its effectiveness is limited by the borders of the Russian State, is evidenced first by its constant struggle for its own survival. The sword of Damocles hangs over the heads of the Bolshevist leaders as well as over the various unassimilated elements gathered under the shadow of the Red flag. It is evidenced, further, by a consideration which overshadows all these.

This is the triple dearth of technical and industrial equipment and transportation facilities. Without the vital necessities of coal and metal,—while the economic state grapples with an appalling industrial breakdown and the peasantry and the city proletariat carry on a sullen internal economic war,—the availability of adequate equipment for an army of even half the present size is questionable. Ignoring the lack of effective tactical and technical leadership, which may admittedly be imported from Germany,—and discounting the social bitterness which gropes inarticulately beneath the Bolshevist bayonet,

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—there remain the fundamental problems of war material and railways.

The disintegration of the railway system is a matter of common knowledge. Without the railways, an army of immense proportions can not mobilize or attack with the speed required of modern warfare. The Red army is still hampered with the outgrown weapons of Imperial days and with what it has captured from its White victories, and it has no sources for obtaining the rapidly advancing military equipment against which its outworn stock may soon be as ineffective as the matchlock. The arsenals can not be refilled with any degree of success, as long as industry remains in its present state, and as long as the foreign sources of supply are locked to the Russian dictatorship.

The industrial breakdown has left the factories coping with the task of supplying peace-time necessities, and hardly capable of rising to the demands of an external military struggle. Industry is running on a basis of from fifty to eighty per cent of the pre-war average, and military factories produce only a quarter as much as they did before the war. Even during the war, when industry was working to capacity, Russia was unequal to the demands of her own military equipment, and was forced to ask the help of Allies and neutrals.

An encounter today would throw her upon her own isolated, depleted, and disorganized resources; and it is here that one may grasp the significance of the Red army in a single phrase. The Red army is, like Russia, vastly rich in resources, but, like Russia, it is consumed from within by fear, violence, and hunger. The Red army which has seemed to menace Western Europe is menaced by its own shadow, and there is little likelihood that it can ever effectively turn from its own desperate problems to jeopardize the security of Europe.

1922. Under the new army education program, the soldier can devote spare moments to the improvement of his mind, even while sewing on a button

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A FAIR DEAL FOR THE RAILROADS

JULES SEMON BACHE

THE Esch-Cummins Bill has enabled the railroads to work out their own transportation problems and emerge from the chaotic conditions of government control. The Republican Platform ought to advocate an extension in the spirit of the Bill to make it compulsory for the big railroads to consolidate with the weaker lines now acting as their feeders, and thus relieve their economic distress. If a maximum return for the railroads is fixed they ought also to be assured of a minimum return.

THE Esch-Cummins Bill, with all its faults, was a distinct advance in the attitude of the government toward the railroads, but the Republican Party ought to advocate an extension of the principles laid down so that the spirit of the law can be carried out. The principal benefit of the Esch-Cummins bill to the railroads has been that it has allowed them to work out, largely on their own responsibility, the problems of transportation, which were in chaotic condition when the government turned over control. In this the roads have succeeded in a remarkable manner. As far as earnings are concerned, the Esch-Cummins Bill restricts profits to 5¾ per cent, but does not guarantee any profits at all. If, by good management and fortunate position, any railroad earns more than six per cent of the value of the railway property held for and used by it in the service of transportation, one-half of such excess must be placed in a reserve fund under the road's own control, and the other half turned over to the Commission for the purpose of establishing a general revolving fund for making loans to railroads in emergencies. No road, as far as we have learned, has yet turned over any sum to the Commission for these purposes, as the constitutionality of confiscating earnings in this manner is disputed by the roads, and this question is now before the Supreme Court for adjudication.

Realizing that no general rates can be made high enough to provide for the financial requirements of the weaker roads, which have their important place in the make-up of the general system, in that they are feeders to the great trunk lines, enforced consolidation is the only solution, and the Republican platform

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should recommend legislation providing for such consolidation. The weaker roads should be consolidated into the system to which they are now acting as feeders, and thus be maintained at a reasonable cost to these roads. During the development of the great railroad system of the United States, the trunk lines for many years constructed feeders into all branches of territory through which they passed, never contemplating that the feeders, as such, would prove self-sustaining. This enforced consolidation should take the place of the so-called recapture clause in the Esch-Cummins Bill, which secures to the government a return of one-half of anything earned by any particular railroad over six per cent.

If a minimum return were guaranteed the railroads under the law, a maximum return could justly be set; otherwise, even though it should prove constitutional, it is an unfair business proposition.

The Esch-Cummins bill provides for optional consolidation of railway properties, and the Commission has proposed some tentative consolidations. Nothing, however, has been done, and it is now proposed in some quarters to institute compulsory consolidation. Lacking enforced consolidation, I believe that the recapture clause should be strengthened, and the fund used in its entirety for distribution among such lines as do not earn the 5¾ per cent that the Esch-Cummins Bill contemplates they shall earn.

The President's message, in its bearing on the railroads, seems to me for the time being sufficient in the premises, being meant, as it is, merely for the guidance of the present Congress. But the railroad system of the United States will languish, and fail of attracting the huge amount of capital that it needs for further development, unless it can attract that capital by assuring it of the same return of interest that the same capital could be assured of if invested in industrial corporations.

The other weak feature of the Esch-Cummins Bill is the functioning of the Labor Board provided by that law. The arrangement under which one authority settles the rate question, while an entirely separate authority passes upon wages, is fundamentally a wrong procedure. The Labor Board had better be abolished and its functions turned over to the Interstate

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Commerce Commission. But if the Board cannot be eliminated entirely, its functions should be strengthened by providing the machinery for enforcing its decisions.

So much for the Platform. It is to be regretted, however, that the railroad question cannot be taken out of politics, just as the Bonus and World Court questions ought to be taken out of politics. It is not a question of what either political party may desire to do for or against the railroads, but a question of the upbuilding of the entire country.

While it is true that there are more miles of railroads in the United States, per capita, than in any country in the world, it must not be overlooked that a third of these States, in territory, are poorly equipped with transportation systems, and even though the automobile and good roads are tending more and more to offset this, the time will come when the situation will become a serious one.

No new mileage has been constructed during the last ten years, and I can see no likelihood of any being constructed, under the present system of regulation, for many years to come, and certainly not as long as the railroads are to remain the football of political and vote-getting propaganda.

Through their interest in savings banks, insurance companies, and other institutions for the propagation of thrift in the country, there are between twenty and twenty-five million owners of railroad securities. None of these is getting a fair deal, and when they awake to the conditions that are growing up in this country, and the inevitable result of the failure of the railroads to obtain the necessary capital for their extension and upbuilding, they will be tempted to unite with railroad labor in a movement for government ownership, which will be irresistible in its effect.

Under government ownership and government operation, it will be the shipper who will fail to get a fair deal, but capital will have come into its own.

The platforms of both parties on the question of railroads should contain but one phrase,—"Give the railroads a fair deal."

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A FAIR DEAL FOR THE PUBLIC

AMOS PINCHOT

IN this industrial age no country can preserve democracy, either in spirit or function, if a small number of persons are permitted to control an element as essential to industry and as saliently strategic as the railroad system. This is the general contention of Mr. Pinchot, who ably marshals a number of arguments in defense of government ownership of the railroads, an issue which he believes will unite all the liberals if used as a plank in a political platform.

GOVERNMENT ownership of railroads is inevitable and imminent. This is the consensus of informed opinion, even in Wall Street and Washington. The need of a transportation system owned by the government and operated in the interest of the public, without favoritism to big shippers and at cost,—not cost plus,—is the very vital fact that underlies our political situation. At any moment, the government ownership question is likely to break into presidential politics. When it does, it will be the paramount issue, an issue striking to the root of America's democratic theory of government. Likewise, it will divide liberals and conservatives into two distinct camps, creating what Ramsay MacDonald calls the first requisite of true politics,—virile opposition parties. The public is ready for the government ownership issue. All that is needed is a leader with courage, conviction and the stomach for what will prove no sham battle.

The newspapers are full of propaganda in defense of private ownership of railroads; so are the magazines. They have been for years. As I write, I note in "The New York Evening Post" a Washington dispatch of January 2, under the heading "Railroads Fight Public Ownership," quoting a Mr. Donald Conn of the American Railway Association, to the effect that there is about to be launched a new and open drive to ward off public ownership. We also are authoritatively informed that the railroads and interests behind them,—industrial monopolies, banks, and insurance companies,—have a private fund, for which the class A roads are heavily assessed, as will be disclosed presently by congressional investigation, and that this fund is now being

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lavishly spent to stem the tide of public opinion setting more and more strongly toward government ownership.

Yet, aside from a comparatively few people of more than average gullibility, the country is not impressed. Indeed, there exists a general and steadily growing belief among farmers, manufacturers, and the traveling public, not only that government ownership will shortly become a fact, but that, by the government's taking over the railroads during the World War, our transportation system was saved from a general smash, and that, in the twenty-six months of federal control, the federal railroad administration did a workmanlike job, under exceedingly trying conditions. In addition, despite misleading propaganda, the public has come to understand that government ownership implies neither hardship to holders of legitimate railroad securities nor bankruptcy to the government itself, for it is now recognized that some plan of acquisition will be adopted, such as advocated by Federal Judge Anderson of Boston, providing for the exchange on fair terms of present railroad stocks for new securities issued by the government and guaranteed by it.

The propaganda batteries of our plutocracy have so far failed to find the range of the government ownership issue. And this I think is largely because the public has long sensed, by instinct as much as through interpretation of current events, that, if one scratches the railroad problem at all deeply, one uncovers something far more significant, practical, and causative in the scheme of modern civilization than any mere matter of moving a ton of freight from one place to another.

It is not merely that, as far back as 1910, our railroads, through private mismanagement and manipulation, had already gone downhill until President Ripley of the Santa Fe declared there was no railroad in the western section and "hardly any railroad in this country" that was "built as it ought to be" or "in the condition that the public interests require."

It is not that, seven years later, matters had grown so much worse as to justify the President of the Pennsylvania in stating that the condition of our railroads was "a menace to the country."

It is not that, on January 2, 1918, the very day after the government took over our pretty well shattered roads, the Inter-

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state Commerce Commission reported their condition as "intolerable" and "a menace to the public safety."

It is not that the government, after twenty-six months of federal control, turned the roads back to private ownership in such improved shape that, according to the President of the Southern Pacific, himself one of the most zealous opponents of government ownership, they had recovered to such a degree that in 1920 they were, quoting his words, able to perform "the greatest transportation task in their history."

It is not that, notwithstanding the enormous sums spent for repairs by the government during federal control, at the demand and under the direction of the roads' own executives, they again had to be subsidized and repaired at public cost, this time by the increased rates due to the Esch-Cummins law.

It is not that, still hungry for help, the railroads are again crying poor and begging for more and greater largesses.

It is not that last year the railroads charged the public about a billion dollars more than the previous year, and that high rates are crushing the farmer, the fruit grower, and the industrial shipper.

It is not that the Interstate Commerce Commission, packed by successive safe Presidents of the Harding and Coolidge stamp, is becoming yearly more conservative and less jealous of the public's interest, until it is clear that never, through commission regulation, will the public be protected from paying dividends on enormous issues of watered stock.

It is not that the private railroad company,—like the private traction, lighting, and water company,—has long been a focus, indeed the chief focus, of political corruption.

The above are some of the lesser arguments against private ownership; but they fall well short of explaining the strength of public ownership sentiment or its connection with the fundamental problems of democracy. What then, in a few words, is the crux of the situation, the underlying, vital thing that has made government ownership of railroads an enduring issue, which must be fought out in a political campaign, more portentous than any since the Civil War?

The reason is that, short of government ownership, no way has been or can be found of preventing our great industro-

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financial interests from using the railroad system as an effective weapon with which to destroy free competitive industry and maintain on its ruins a feudal system of industrial monopoly which, with its price-fixing power and enormous monopoly profits, concentrates the country's wealth in the hands of a small group of men commonly referred to as Wall Street. And it is this great wealth, fabulous and far in excess of what is necessary to conduct either industrial or financial business, which automatically turns into power and is employed by its possessors in controlling the nation through its leverage on the political machine, on education, and the press.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission, in a report on monopolies in coal and oil, laid down the proposition that "in any industry whoever controls the avenues of transportation, of either the raw material or the finished product, can speedily drive all competitors out of existence,"it sounded the eventual doom of private railroading. As shown by literally thousands of instances duly recorded in the reports of the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and numerous congressional investigations, railroad favors, railroad rebates, railroad discriminations, each year changing in form, more numerous, more subtle and difficult to detect, have given the monopoly group in each great basic field,—such as the coal, oil, steel, and beef-packing industries,—an intolerable power, a power literally of life and death over concerns which are outside the monopoly groups and which consequently do not stand in with the railroads and enjoy their favors and special privileges.

Precisely as declared by the Interstate Commerce Commission, control of the avenues of transportation has put in the hand of our industro-financial baronage a weapon with which the monopolists either speedily drive competitors out of the field or permit them to exist in a non-competitive and subservient capacity. And it is this condition, this insane, unjust, and uneconomic organization of American production and distribution,—the industrial monopoly and the railroad monopoly combined for the common purpose of controlling prices and exploiting the public,—which concentrates wealth, concentrates power, and results in the defeat of the democratic theory.

The steel trust has a transportation differential over the in-

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dependents of at least three dollars in producing a ton of metal. The beef trust's transportation differentials are the basis of its high prices and extortionate profits. The same is true of the hard coal trust, in which control of railroad and literage transportation, as well as a virtual monopoly in coal lands, gives it the prerogative of extorting the last cent from the consumer. Manipulation of railroad and pipe line rates is the reason of high oil and gasoline prices and the citadel of the Rockefeller group's political and social power. In at least three-quarters of the cases where monopoly has become entrenched, the secret of power lies in transportation.

We live in an industrial age, an age in which sovereignty over industry carries with it sovereignty over society in all its phases. And it is axiomatic that, in such an age, no country can preserve democracy, either in spirit or function, if a small number of persons are permitted to control an element as essential to industry and as saliently stragetic as the railroad system.

It should be remembered, as one of its political implications, that the victory of government ownership will vitally affect both the personnel and psychology of Congress and the Executive. Candidates elected on a government ownership platform will not conceivably be representatives of the trusts, railroads, bankers, and public utility corporations, such as at present predominate at Washington. They will consist of liberal-minded, progressive men and women, who are in politics because they recognize the problem presented by modern society and believe that it should and can be solved by constructive political action.

As to the transportation plank in a political platform, it should, I think, consist in a brief summary of the foregoing considerations. It should, in my opinion, confine itself to the reasons why government ownership is advisable, and leave to Congress,—to the Congress whose members themselves will be elected on the government ownership issue,—the method of acquiring the roads and operating them when acquired. While most liberals agree that government ownership is necessary, they are still far from agreement as to the exact method of acquisition and operation, and with such debatable questions in the platform, the discussion would, in all probability, be shunted off from the main issue, government ownership. Division

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has been the curse of liberals in America, who have consistently been beaten because they have not acted as a unit, but split themselves up into small groups, each fighting for some worthy but unessential object. It is time for liberals to unite, and government ownership is the one issue to unite them.

The immense political strength of government ownership as a fighting issue is now beginning to dawn on certain shrewd politicians. It includes reducing the cost of the main necessities of life by destroying monopoly and restoring the action of the natural law of supply and demand. It frankly challenges the power of plutocracy by striking at plutocracy's chief prop,—the control and manipulation of the nation's vast transportation system. With such an issue and with a fair mastery of the not very complicated facts, facts quite accessible and clearly set forth in authoritative government reports, a man of courage and enthusiasm would find himself the leader of a cause as great as Lincoln had, and with implications at least as significant as the abolition of chattel slavery

In a campaign of this kind, how easy it would be to put on the defensive a man like, for instance, Mr. Coolidge, who has never fought on a real issue, whose main preoccupation is to dodge real issues and who does not affirm the existence of any serious American problem. Above all, what fun it would be to see American politics, so long starved on husks, chaff, and hokum, once more sink its teeth in solid food.

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OUTSIDE THE CURRICULUM

CHARLES WILLIAM KENNEDY

AN OASIS of culture where for a short period young men may be guided toward some understanding of the demand the years will lay upon them must fail of its purpose if students are permitted to spend an excess of time and energy upon athletics and other extra-curricular pursuits. A member of the Faculty of Princeton University draws attention to the importance of this problem, and points out the false idealism so often manifest in the ambition to "do something for one's college."

THERE is a certain disadvantage in living in too close association with a person or an institution. Intimate contact should, and often does, bring with fullness of knowledge a sympathetic understanding, but by the law of compensation so frequently recurring in life there is danger that intimacy of association may lead to overshrewd observation of defect, and overemphasis upon it. So it will always be with hesitation, I fancy, that one who dwells in a college community picks up his pen in discussion of college problems. Such a one has constant need to invoke sincerity and faith lest his light become darkness. If anywhere in this green earth faith can thrive firm-rooted, it should be in the heart of one who has the joy of daily association with the aspiration, the courage, the hope, the buoyant creeds of youth. But it is also true that deepest faith often breeds sharpest impatience, and many a critic of youthful folly, pathetically enough, is one who, mourning his own youth because it is not, finds tolerance difficult for all that wastes youth's golden hours, or darkens its bright flame.

Besides, there is probably no faculty of human nature exercised with more whole-hearted enthusiasm than the critical faculty. Brushing the cobwebs from the moon is an occupation that loses nothing of zest and exhilaration with advancing age. It is one of life's paradoxes that in the field of criticism it is youth that is conservative and age that questions.

Nowhere is the breach between youthful ardor and matured experience more clearly discernible than on the average American college campus. For it is here that youth and age are organized into two estates meeting together as such. On the one side, presumable wisdom clothed with dignity and power,

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privileged with an infinite opportunity to kindle the heart of boyhood into the living fire of manhood,—if it can. On the other side, eager, thronging youth, gay and careless and defiant, with secret guarded sanctuaries of dream and aspiration, self-confident, terrifyingly sure, saying, as a former President of an Eastern college once put it: "You are the instructor; I am the instructee; instruct me if you can."

In the challenge itself is nothing new. But in the conditions under which the challenge must be met much is new in the past three or four decades. On every American college campus with which I am familiar there has grown up in recent years a complex organization of extra-curricular activities competing with the serious purposes of the college for the interest, time, and strength of the student.

Time was when a college education was for the few rather than for the many, and when those few came to their college course, in the main, poor in financial resources but great in ambition, seeking a discipline and enrichment of intellectual life, and cherishing an active faith in the importance of the things of the mind. All this has suffered, and is suffering, change. The kaleidoscopic development and Alladin-like prosperity of our country has produced a great middle class, financially comfortable, whose sons and daughters are found on every college campus, and whose presence there is hardly to be accounted for, in many instances, by any inward compulsion of deep and sincere reverence for intellectual standards. As to this their parents are often, indeed, quite frank. I have found in my not infrequent conversations with men of this type, whose sons have entered or are intending to enter, one or other of our Eastern colleges, a most interesting unanimity in point of view. Rarely is there mention of things intellectual. The boy is to gain from his college course a "knowledge of human nature," to make friends (sometimes with a shrewd eye to the future), to learn to "mix with his fellows" and "rub his corners off." It is hard to avoid being struck with wonder at the number of "corners" these boys seem to possess, and no less at the unquestioning conviction of the father that they must at once and at all hazards be "rubbed off." It would be absurd, of course, to imply that there are not many who earnestly send us their sons in order that they may be

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educated, and the spirit of those who still keep the living flame on the altar of liberal culture brings reinvigoration of one's faith, even if in other cases the education so earnestly desired be of the "bread and butter" variety and designed more to teach men to make a living than to live wisely.

Now, of course, the "college life" of the undergraduate is not as wholly futile as it is sometimes painted. Ginger is still hot in the mouth, even in the college classroom. Great books are still read with enjoyment; excellent essays are still written with humor and discernment; in library and laboratory eager students still lift up their eyes to the hills of beauty and abiding truth. But, it must be confessed, one is constantly aware of a large number of undergraduates who seem animated mainly by overwhelming concern lest Jack become a dull boy (in the proverbial sense only) and who in their studied efforts to escape this malign fate have so systematized their extra-curricular interests that their daily life tends to become an organized whirl of petty concerns.

The problem I would suggest consists not so much in the existence of these extra-curricular interests as in the undergraduate's emphasis upon them, and his corresponding subordination of those primary purposes which ought to rule his four years of privilege and opportunity. Many of the interests he systematizes so industriously are natural and harmless enough, in their place. Some of them, undergraduate sports for example, properly supervised are actually beneficial, and held within their proper domain may well constitute an appropriate element, if a subordinate one, in a college program.

The causes for this over-intensity of undergraduate interest in extra-curricular pursuits are many and blended: in athletics, the admiration, almost reverence, which adolescence cherishes for physical skill and prowess, the love of sport natural to boy and man, and the equally natural pleasure in pitting one's strength and skill and endurance against that of a worthy rival; in activities non-athletic, in many instances, desire for creative self-expression; in others, the less worthy striving for social recognition and distinction. Into all enters the American urge for intensive organization, an instinct that renders many areas of American life fertile soil for the growth of a kind of professional intensity hostile to the amateur spirit. And through the whole

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pattern of blended motives runs that strange thread of false idealism from which is born in the heart of the undergraduate a desire to "do something" for his college, in some way to represent her, to bear her standard, in the eyes of the world.

I say false idealism, not because this desire lacks fine and noble spirit, but rather because, on the whole, within the limits of undergraduate life it lacks good sense. There is something fine in the spirit of the lad of five who, trimming his cap with paper plumes, draws his wooden sword in mimic defense of his home. But there is also something of amusement in his complete and natural incapacity for the enterprise he so gaily espouses. Later days may be when his volunteered defense, grown considerably less sportive, will represent supreme service. But that lies with the future.

So with the undergraduate. He has for a period of four years submitted himself to the arms of an alma mater, a nourishing mother, and it is his sole duty to be nourished. When the college gates open out for him at graduation, his whole life shall stretch before him for worthy repayment of his debt. With him he bears her seal; whatever record of nobility and honor he writes shall be sealed with that seal. Herein lies his one opportunity to "represent" his university that is of importance.

Perhaps we ought not to be greatly surprised that the scale of values which the undergraduate formulates for himself fails so often to coincide with that which age and experience prescribe, —that in the tangled maze of trivial concerns that make up much of campus life he so frequently sees prodigious import where we see only squandered time and wasted endeavor. For the undergraduate, on the whole, takes himself less seriously and life more seriously than we sometimes assume. His own development, even if it be his intellectual and spiritual development, is likely to seem to him a rather selfish ambition, and the time when his developed powers may be put to use, infinitely remote. There is that in youth, moreover, which rebels against restriction, which tends naturally to ranging interests rather than to depth and concentration. And there is always to be reckoned with his greater devotion to those phases of his life which he himself organizes and controls than to those that are organized and prescribed for him.

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It was Woodrow Wilson, I believe, who first applied the name "side-shows" to the huddle of extra-curricular activities which today challenge all comers for the time of the undergraduate. "The side-shows," he is reported to have said, "threaten to swallow up the main tent." The metaphor has never seemed to me altogether happy. If we were indeed dealing with a circus it would be logical enough, I imagine, to permit the side-shows to occupy such territory as they can take and hold. The appeal of a side-show is after all not widely different from that of the main tent, and one would probably, in the long run, find a contemplation of the fat lady, or the living skeleton, more amusing, and certainly more instructive, even to some slight purgation of pity and fear, than the fruitless agility of the acrobat, or the painful professional frivolity of the clown.

But if, indeed, a college or university be a temple of the things of mind and spirit where are gathered chosen youth, separated from their less fortunate fellows for a period of privileged opportunity during which by discipline and inspiration they are to be fitted, in the great words of Milton, "to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices both private and public of peace and war,"—if this be indeed the true conception of the four years of undergraduate life, what are college faculties, dedicate and responsible, to say of the mummery which flourishes in the porches of the temple? It is surely not sufficient that they disapprove.

It is precisely when there is show of endeavor to give over an attitude of passivity that confusion of counsel is most evident. And yet amid all the doubt one wonders if two main responsibilities, more or less clearly discernible, do not rest upon all in the body collegiate who participate in any degree in the guidance of college life and policy. The first may be considered the duty of the college to combat by active measures a certain undergraduate sense of isolation from the life of the workaday world. The second, some at least believe to be the duty of full emphasis by college authorities upon inspiring teaching,—teaching deeply rooted in sound and considerate scholarship, but enriched by those qualities of mind and heart that vivify, illumine, and re-create.

That such a sense of isolation from active life has some organic relation to our problem would seem to be indicated by an apparent difference in intensity of undergraduate purpose, as

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between the city college and that situated in a smaller community. With all the disadvantages of location in a great city (and they are many) a college so situated has this compensating advantage: that every wind that blows upon her walls brings to undergraduate ears, which can not remain wholly heedless, the throb of the world's pulse, the tramp of the feet of toilers, the creative stir in centers of art, of music, of literature, the reality of daily nobility, of daily tragedy, the very imminence of life. No doubt this point can be easily overemphasized. But one familiar with the community life of a sequestered college is likely to feel the presence there, not so much of provincial spirit, as often of an atmosphere of academic separatism that, for all its mellowness and charm, lacks something of the tang and zest of vitality. There must always rest upon such an institution a peculiar duty to keep her doors open to the currents of the world's life that she may feel, and make her students feel, not merely the abiding value of those timeless truths of which she is custodian and interpreter, but equally the actuality of the surrounding social order in which her sons shall be called upon to apply those truths. She must never be so lost in the processes of her own life as to be heedless of the aims and ends of that life.

It is very doubtful whether the problem I have suggested can ever be solved by merely repressive legislation. An excellent way to drive out weeds from a plot of ground is to sow grass. The most effective method of safeguarding the undergraduate life of our students against intrusion of vicious or valueless interests is by kindling in them such true regard for the things of mind and spirit as will breed a scorn of time-wasting, spirit-wasting trivialities.

> "Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
> With a conviction of the power that waits
> On knowledge."

So wrote Wordsworth looking back upon the uncertainty of his Cambridge days. Could we once by our teaching waken the great mass of our students to the actuality, the reality of life; could we once convince them of the validity of the scale by which, through all the ages, great and small have been unerringly measured, the problem of extra-curricular interests would solve itself.

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Few college teachers, I fancy, will ever forget the men who returned to their classes for a final term or year after service in the Great War. With their return the old familiar stretches of the campus seemed to glow with freer light; through campus windows blew a more vital air. For these men were students in a new, maturer sense. They had gazed upon death, and been reprieved; they had dwelt with dirt and hunger and disease; they had witnessed man's incredible crime and folly and his astounding heroism; they had seen a common humanity blend the blood-lust of the beast and nobilities truly sacrificial. Then out of the whirlwind, with the passing of the storm, they returned to the quiet of books and the truths that have survived the ages unshaken. If ever any on a college campus, these men had learned "to see large things large and small things small against the golden background of eternity." But the instruction had been in a bitter school. One such group I had. I see them yet in visions that cling about the books we read together,—strong, quiet lads with haunted eyes and a gift of silence, who had bought at what cost only they will ever know a passionate faith in the life of mind and spirit. All else had crumbled under them. This remained.

In the *Epistle of Karshish* Browning has retold the story of Lazarus and the revision of his whole scale of earthly values by his death and reincarnation. For a space he had been face to face with Life, unveiled and infinite. And thereafter he had the key. Matters which men counted important were to him as less than nothing, but in tiny trifles of no apparent moment he caught "prodigious import, whole results." So with these lads upon our campus who dwell with us for a brief space, and then pass on to take up the work of the world. If we can but give them some vision of life, compelling and inspiriting, the values which they attach to the various phases of their campus existence will fall into scale with that vision. If we can day by day, and year by year, bring to them some understanding of the demand the years will lay upon them, some sense of the privilege by which for them the struggle is postponed until they shall have had opportunity to prepare to meet it, some realization of the kinship by which duty walks hand in hand with privilege, then truly peace also will have her victories no less renowned than war.

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COOLIDGE ON BEACON HILL

HORACE GREEN

THIS, the third, installment of Mr. Green's biography of the President deals with his "mind in the making." Calvin Coolidge had left the Vermont home, passed his collegiate days at Amherst, and taken up the practice of law at Northampton. Here the plodding lawyer had climbed the political ladder of local offices rung by rung. Here also the taciturn suitor met, and in 1905 married, Grace Goodhue. Now the scene passes to Boston, where he prepares for the turning point in his career.

IN JANUARY, 1907, Mr. Coolidge made his first appearance in the Massachusetts State Legislature in Boston. His salary as representative was $750.00 a year. His law business in his home town in Northampton was practically at a standstill during the time the Legislature was in session. He took a dollar bedroom, without bath or running water, at the Adams House on Washington Street, listed as "Suite" Number 60, on the third floor, center of the building. It abuts on an inner courtyard about the size of an air shaft. A traveling man would take it as a last resort. The only light comes through a half-sized window which in turn is cut off by an interior chimney. The room is clean enough, but otherwise as cheerful as a cell. Here, stretched on an old-fashioned three-quarter wooden bed, used also as a reading lounge, the Northampton representative spent the majority of his evenings.

It is characteristic that during Coolidge's early days on Beacon Hill he passed by practically unnoticed. He is described as making little impression upon his colleagues, one of whom remarked that on looking around the committee-room Coolidge was the last man he would have singled out for future prominence. In his paraphernalia had been a letter of introduction addressed to the Speaker of the House, John N. Cole, from R. W. Irwin of Northampton, who, taking the liberties a friend can take, said that, "like the singed cat, he's better than he looks. Picture a singed cat with damp and carefully parted hair, a young looking cat with a graven manner, a cat apparently asleep but always bringing in a bag of mice,—and you have an idea of the self-sufficient representative from Northampton.

Even today, embellished by the dignity of office, one doesn't pick Coolidge as the outstanding figure in any group of promi-

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nent men such as are frequently photographed calling on the President. Pictures do not represent him. Action, speech, acquaintance, seem necessary to feel the simple dignity beneath that slight exterior.

Time and again you may watch this or that delegation file through the President's oval chamber in the Executive offices. There is no chance for an audience. They stand in long file, sorted out by Pat Gallagher, guardian of the inner door, watched by Secret Service men, and given a final scrutiny by C. Bascom Slemp, who stands a pace or two paces on the Chief Executive's left. The Presidential Secretary is not a Greek statue, yet many persons make a step towards Mr. Slemp before discovering the unobtrusive Yankee, smiling a perfunctory "'mawning."

So *that* was Coolidge!

There is a note of disappointment as they move away, unconsciously measuring themselves against the Republic's helmsman, or conjuring an image of public men that look the part, like a Harding or a Washington, a Robert Bacon, or a Hughes. But the more discriminating observers are comforted by the suggestion in one of Coolidge's early speeches: "What we need in politics is more of the office desk and less of the show window."

It is an axiom on Beacon Hill that nine times out of ten those who do the work on committees are the men from the western part of the state. They spend more time in the State Library, more time on the facts of the case, more time prowling around the lobbies, as Calvin once put it to a fellow sufferer. Jones of Salem, Smith of Lynn, daily commuters to the Chamber, have their business, their family, and the 5:12 train to keep an eye on; whereas Brown from far-off Berkshire County finds no conflicting interests during the week. Not only did Coolidge make Boston his headquarters,—as a rule he came down from Northampton on Sunday night, not returning to his family until Friday,—but he was by nature of a single-track disposition. If he admired his colleagues' geniality he was unable to copy it. His heart was not a show window; he did not try to make it one. He never slapped a man on the back unless he was choking to death. He was not a "joiner." He seemed to take the Masons' vote without the Thirty-third Degree; he never climbed the

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Tall Cedars of Lebanon; an Elk meant no more to him than a beetle. Yet with the Babbitts, he fared well enough; and, what is more, they liked him.

His distaste for social small-talk is renowned: likely as not in the early days it was the armor of a reserved nature. But at the art of "come-back," once driven to a corner, he was past master, as more than one luckless female, wounded by her own weapons, can testify. Two examples may here be given.

There is a certain family of Philadelphian ladies by name, let us say, of Jones whose speed of communication has been emphasized by the saying "Telegraph, telephone, tel-a Jones." During Coolidge's vice-presidential days one of the sisters was placed on his left at dinner, whereupon she opened the conversation with the sally:

"OH, MISTER Coolidge, I've just made a ten-dollar bet that I can make you talk!"

With some dignity the Vice-President of the United States answered:

"I am sorry, Madam, that you have lost your wager," and turned his strict attention to the lady on his right.

A similar incident is reported to have taken place the other day when the daughter of a New York Senator called at the Executive Offices with a lady whose face was snowbound with several layers of cosmetics.

"Mr. President," chirped the latter, "You look entirely too pale."

"We-al," drawled the Chief Executive, facing her squarely; "Guess I'll have to try a new brand of face paa-owder."

The Adams House was at that time a rendezvous for politicians from the western part of the State, and Coolidge found himself gravitating toward the men worth knowing. Upon those who held the key he impressed himself. Nor was this accident. A party man by nature and training, he made it a point to be near the power behind the machine. As in college he had gravitated toward leaders like Dwight Morrow and Herbert Pratt, when the class as a whole knew him not, so in Boston he came to know that old party man, Winthrop Murray Crane, and such men as William M. Butler, later National Committeeman and ardent backer in 1924.

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Tom White was an early Coolidge fan, and White in those days knew local politics as well as Tumulty knew the ropes at Trenton. Representative Walter F. MacLane of Fall River, was occasionally seen with Coolidge, and Robert M. Washburn, his colleague and first biographer, who later sat with him on the Railroads Committee, was one of those whose trenchant humor has been known, in the midst of a drowsy session, to evoke a sudden and nasal cackle from the otherwise taciturn Vermonter.

If he was alone in the evening, supper in the central dining-room at the table by the looking-glass, third from the corner. He came to know Frank Hall, hospitable proprietor, who knows the ways of many men and strange. Occasionally he dropped into Hall's sitting-room office, with its hardwood paneling and comfortable chairs of the Black Oxen period.

"Got a minute, Frank Hall?"

"An hour for you, Governor. Try one of mine tonight."

With a cigar and a friend, the Coolidge shell came off. "Get him alone, interested in something, and he'll talk faster than I will," Hall used to say. "Didn't pay to disturb him, though, when he was up there thinking about things."

Coolidge did not wish to vote on a given subject, to join in a majority or minority report, until the reasons were thoroughly clear to himself. One of his chief assets, or defects,—as you wish,—was, therefore, a certain cautious judgment, both congenital and developed.

In 1907–1908, a state representative's salary, as mentioned, was $750, the vote to raise it to $1,000 having been rejected by the Senate in that year. From 1912 to 1915, when Coolidge was Senator, the salary was $1,000. It was later voted to raise this to $1,500 a year, but Coolidge, at that time Governor, vetoed the bill. It was, however, passed over his veto, an attitude which some observers considered not only in line with the Governor's economical tenets, but also astute politics. To the state it advertised that Coolidge's utterances for retrenchment, were to be backed by deed; furthermore, inasmuch as the raise was to be passed over his veto, *as Coolidge clearly foresaw*, it left no resentment among the Senators. On more than one occasion as Lieutenant Governor, he refused special pay requests for chief clerks who had done overtime work; usually it was with

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some such remark as: "Maybe the Governor will change that. Capitol Hill was originally called "Tra-Mount," owing to the three little hills rising from the crest on the northwest side of town. Here the colonists "kept watch to foresee the approach of forrein dangers." After the erection of the Look Out Beacon in 1635, it was called Beacon Hill. The corner-stone of the original Bulfinch Capitol was drawn to its place July 4, 1795, the procession lead by His Excellency, Samuel Adams, Governor, and fifteen white horses. In 1883, Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, after visiting the more important American capitols, including Washington, Boston, and Albany, wrote: "Far the most beautiful city in America, is Boston, and the State House is the most beautiful building in the country."

And so, as evening came along, Coolidge with his black brief case would come down from the State House on Beacon Hill, saunter across the broad Boston Common, through the back alley of Keith's Theatre, and sometimes by a side entrance direct to his chamber. Here, after supper, committee papers came out and he began the morrow's work. He read much. Here, as Professor Grosvenor used to say, he "specialized in his own mind." Often he pondered the legislative problems and the political philosophy which in later years were to find profuse expression.

Coolidge's early speeches and state papers, in the opinion of many students, are the highest type of political literature of the past quarter of a century. Platitudes, some say. Perhaps so. But politics is a platitudinous business. The speeches are not a mere conglomeration of phrases. They no more sprang into being than does a monument. Piece by piece his opinions took shape,—scraps of beliefs formulated over a period of years. Let us leave him, temporarily, to examine the first, and in many ways the most fundamental of these speeches. It was delivered when he was forty-two years old, before the Massachusetts Senate, upon his election as its President, January 7, 1914, and though well-known, certain of its doctrines will bear repetition:

"This Commonwealth is one. We are all members of one body. The welfare of the weakest and the welfare of the most powerful are inseparably bound together. Industry cannot flourish if labor languish. Transportation cannot prosper if

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manufacturers decline. The general welfare cannot be provided for in any one act, but it is well to remember that the benefit of one is the benefit of all, and the neglect of one is the neglect of all. The suspension of one man's dividends is the suspension of another man's pay envelope.

"Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a stand-patter, but don't be a stand-patter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation. . . .

"Statutes must appeal to more than material welfare. Wages won't satisfy, be they never so large. Nor houses; nor lands; nor coupons, though they fall thick as the leaves of autumn. Man has a spiritual nature. Touch it, and it must respond as the magnet responds to the pole. To that, not to selfishness, let the laws of the Commonwealth appeal. Recognize the immortal worth and dignity of man. Let the laws of Massachusetts proclaim to her humblest citizen, performing the most menial task, the recognition of his manhood, the recognition that all men are peers, the humblest with the most exalted, the recognition that all work is glorified. Such is the path to equality before the law. Such is the foundation of liberty under the law. Such is the sublime revelation of man's relation to man—Democracy."

While others hobnobbed on the highways, thus in the evenings did Coolidge ruminate, stretched under the gas jet, on his three-quarter wooden bed, between the four dingy walls and the so-called window of cell No. 60, Adams House.

The last installment in the March FORUM *will deal with the turning point in the President's career, his handling of the Boston Police Strike,—for which new evidence is presented,—and the election for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Green aims at a personal biography rather than a political eulogy*

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THE FLY

LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Translated from the Italian by Rita Wellman

BREATHLESS, straining to go faster, when they were below the town,—come, up here, courage! They scampered up the rugged cliff, holding on with their hands,—courage, courage! Now their nailed shoes—Holy God! —were slipping.

As soon as they were on top, the crowds of women, chattering about the fountain at the town gate, turned to look at them. Aren't they the Tortorici brothers, those two? Yes—Neli and Saro Tortorici. The poor things! And why are they running like that?

Neli, the younger of the two brothers, who had become exhausted, stopped a moment to get his breath, and to answer the women, but Saro took him by the arm and dragged him on.

"Giurlannu Zaru, our cousin!" Neli said turning around, and raising a hand in the gesture of benediction.

The women burst into exclamations of pity and horror. One of them called out, "Who did it?"

"No one—God!" Neli cried from a distance.

They went around the piazza towards the doctor's house.

Doctor Sidoro Lopiccolo, in his shirt sleeves, with his breast bare, and at least ten days' growth of beard on his sunken cheeks, his eyes swollen and bleary, was walking about his room in slouchy shoes, holding in his arms a pitiful invalid, yellow, and worn to skin and bone,—a little girl of about nine years old.

His wife bedridden for eleven months; six children in the house, besides this one which he held in his arms, who was the oldest, in rags, unkempt, filthy; all the house upside down, a wreck; pieces of broken crockery, peelings, and piles of filth on the floor; seats broken, armchairs falling apart, the beds not made since, who knew when, with the covers torn in threads by the boys, who amused themselves with pillow-fights—the darlings!

One thing was left intact, hanging on the wall in a room which had been the parlor,—an enlarged photograph of himself, taken

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when he was a promising young man, only recently graduated, carefully groomed, well-dressed, fresh, and smiling.

Now he slouched over to this picture of himself, and showing his teeth in a grin, he made a bow to it, raising up the invalid in his arms to introduce her to the man in the picture.

"Sisine, here you are!"

Sisine had been his mother's affectionate name for him, the mother who had anticipated great things of him, when he was the blessing, the pride, and the hope of the house.

Sisine!

He turned on the two peasants like a mad dog.

"What do you want?"

Saro Tortorici spoke, still out of breath, his cap in his hand.

"Signor Dottore, a poor unfortunate, our cousin, is dying. . ."

"Lucky man! Ring the church bells," cried the doctor.

"Please—he is dying, overcome all at once, no one knows why. Near Montelusa in a stable."

The doctor stepped back quickly, and burst out fiercely, "At Montelusa!"

It was seven good miles from the town,—and what a road!

"Please, Signor Dottore, hurry, hurry, for pity's sake!" Tortorici pleaded. "He is all black like a piece of liver, and terribly swollen! For mercy's sake!"

"But how—on foot?" the doctor bellowed, "ten miles on foot? You are both mad! I must have a mule. Have you brought one?"

"I will run and get one," Tortorici replied quickly, "I will borrow one."

"And I," said Neli, the younger, "in the meantime I will go and get a shave."

The doctor looked at him as if he could eat him with his eyes.

"It is Sunday, Signorino," Neli excused himself, smiling and embarrassed, "I am engaged."

"You are engaged, are you?" the doctor said in exasperation, "all right, hold this then."

And he put the sick child into his arms. Then he turned furiously toward the other children who had gathered about them, and one by one, pushed them violently toward the young man.

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"And this one, and this, and this, and this! Fool, fool, fool!"

He turned his back as if to go away, but faced about again and took the sick child, crying to the two young men, "Get out! The mule,—I will come directly."

Neli Tortorici turned away smiling, and went down the stairs behind his brother. He was twenty, his fiancée, Luzza, sixteen —a rose! Seven children? But why so few? Twelve, he wanted. And to keep them he had this pair of arms God had given him,— these alone, but strong. He would be happy always. Work, and sing,—the law of art,—dig and sing. Not for nothing did they call him Liola, the poet. And feeling himself loved by everyone, for his willingness and good humor, he smiled even at the air he breathed. The sun had not yet succeeded in parching his skin, nor had it bleached his beautiful golden wavy hair, which many women might have envied him. Women blushed and were disturbed if he looked at them in a certain way, with his bright gleaming eyes.

That day, what worried him more than his cousin Zaru's sudden illness, was the knowledge that his Luzza, who had been longing for this Sunday alone with him, would have to be disappointed, and possibly would be angry with him for not meeting her. But how could he, in all conscience, excuse himself from this act of Christian charity? Poor Giurlannu! He was engaged too! What misery, all at once like this! They had been shaking the almond trees, down below, on Lopes' farm at Montelusa. The morning before, Saturday, the weather had become cloudy, but there had seemed no imminent danger of rain. Toward noon, however, Lopes had said, "In an hour God will send rain. I don't want my almonds to lie on the ground in the rain, children." And he had ordered the women, who were gathering the almonds, to go to the storehouse to shell them.

"You," he had said, to the men who were shaking the trees, amongst whom were Neli and Saro Tortorici, "if you want to, you can go up with the women, and set to shelling the almonds."

Giurlannu Zaru had spoken up. "All right, I'm ready, but I will be paid according to my usual wages for the day's work,— twenty-five *soldi?*"

"No, half day," Lopes had said, "I will settle your wages; then,—half a lire, like the women."

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Imposition! Why, would he lose if the men worked and got their full day's wages? It did not rain,—not a drop of rain the entire day, nor in the night. "Half a lire, like the women!" said Giurlannu Zaru. "I wear trousers. Pay me the half day at the rate of twenty-five *soldi* and I will go away."

But he did not go. He remained the greater part of the afternoon watching his cousins, who were content to shell almonds at a half-lire, with the women. After a time, however, tired of looking on idly, he went off to a nearby stable, to throw himself down on the hay to sleep, asking the gang of workers to wake him when the hour came to go home.

They had shaken the trees for a day and a half, and few almonds had been gathered. The women proposed to stay working late all that evening, and then to remain where they were, for the night, getting up in the dark to go down to the town. Lopes brought them boiled beans and two demijohns of wine. At midnight, when the shelling was done, everyone, men and women together, went to lie down in the open loft above the storehouse, where the hay was as damp as if there had actually been rain.

"Liola, sing!"

And Neli began to sing. The moon's light came and went between the dark masses of white and black clouds,—and the moon was the round face of his Luzza, smiling or clouded, at the sad, or the happy hours of love.

Giurlannu Zaru remained in the stable. Before dawn, Saro went to wake him, and found him there, black and swollen, with a furious fever.

All this Neli Tortorici told to the barber who, suddenly, carried away with the story, cut him with a razor. A little scratch on his chin which really amounted to nothing at all. He did not even have time to show his anger, because he saw Luzza standing at the door with her mother, and Mita Lumia, Giurlannu Zaru's poor fiancée, who was weeping and crying out in desperation.

He had no end of trouble in trying to make the poor girl understand that she could not possibly go all the way to Montelusa to see her fiancé. She would see him before evening, as soon as they could possibly bring him up to town. Saro dashed up, saying that the doctor was already mounted, and would not

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wait a moment longer. Neli drew Luzza to one side, and begged her to be patient. He would come back before evening and tell her many beautiful things.

Beautiful things indeed they are, for two young engaged people, the things they say to each other, pressing each other's hands, and looking into each other's eyes.

Cursed, wretched road! On certain precipices Doctor Lopiccolo felt that he faced death, in spite of Saro on one hand and Neli on the other, guiding the mule by the halter.

The whole vast countryside spread beneath them in plains and valleys cultivated with grain, with olive and almond trees, and yellow now with stubble, with here and there the black scars of ashes. In the distance there was the sea, a deep and piercing blue. The mulberry trees, the carob trees, the cypresses and olives, kept their various perennial greens, but the splendid foliage of the almond trees had already become sparse and faded.

All about the horizon there was a veil of wind-clouds, but the heat was excessive, and the sun beat down on the stones. There came from somewhere in the dusty hedge of India fig trees, the shrill call of a meadow lark, or the chirp of a magpie, which caused the doctor's mule to prick up his ears.

"Wretched mule, wretched mule!" muttered the doctor to himself.

In order not to lose sight of those long ears, the doctor ignored the sun glaring in his eyes, and kept his green-lined umbrella slung back over his shoulder.

"Don't be afraid, sir. We are here," the Tortorici brothers consoled him.

The doctor had no fear. But his children,—he must take care of his skin on account of those seven unfortunates.

To distract him, the Tortorici brothers began to talk of the general misfortunes: corn was scarce, barley and beans were scarce; the almonds, he knew himself, one never could be sure, —loaded one year, and nothing the next. As for the olives,—he shouldn't even speak of them,—the mists had nipped them in the bud. Neither was there any hope for the vintage, since all the vines in the region had been attacked with blight.

"Fine consoling talk," the doctor said, tossing his head.

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At the end of two hours of journeying, all topics of conversation were exhausted. The highway stretched out straight ahead, interminably long, and on the roadbed, thick with white dust, the conversation was continued only by the mule's four hoofs, and the nailed shoes of the two peasants.

Liola began to sing half-heartedly, in a small voice, and then suddenly stopped. They did not meet a living soul, since, it being Sunday, all the peasants had gone up to the town, to go to church, or to shop, or to amuse themselves. Perhaps down below, at Montelusa no one had stayed behind to watch over Giurlannu Zaru, who might be dying alone,—if he were not already dead.

And they did find him alone in the mouldy stable, leaning against the wall, as Saro and Neli Tortorici had left him,—livid, enormous, unrecognizable, shaken by a racking cough. From the barred window near the manger, the sunlight shone down upon the face which appeared no longer human,—the outline of the nose disfigured by the swelling, the lips black, and horribly puffed out, from which the rattling sound came, like the growl of a beast. On the kinky hair, a wisp of straw glistened in the sun.

The three stopped short to look at him, dumbfounded, carried away by the horror of the sight. The mule stamped on the stone floor of the stable, then Saro Tortorici approached the dying man and called him tenderly, "Giurla, Giurla, the doctor is here!"

Neli went to tie the mule to the manger, near which the donkey, who had occupied the stable, had rubbed a place on the wall which seemed, in the shadows, like the ghost of another animal.

Called again, Giurlannu Zaru began to cough. He succeeded in opening his eyes, which were bloodshot, with deep rings under them, and wild with a look of fear. He opened his ghastly mouth and said in a hoarse groan, "I am dying."

"No, no!" Saro protested vehemently. "The doctor is here. Don't you see? We have brought him to you."

"Take me to town," Zaru pleaded with difficulty, unable to bring his lips together. "Oh mamma mia!"

"You see, here is the mule," Saro replied at once.

"Even in my arms, Giurla. . . . I will take you myself,"

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Neli said, running to him and bending over him. "Don't you worry!"

Zaru turned at the sound of Neli's voice, watching him out of the corners of his bloodshot eyes, as if at first he did not recognize him, then he raised his arm and took him by the belt. "You, really? You!"

"Yes, I! Courage! Crying? Don't cry Giurla, don't cry. It is nothing!"

And he put his hand on the breast which shook with sobs,—sobs which could not escape the parched throat. Suffocated, Saru suddenly shook his head violently, then raised his hand, and putting it above Neli's neck, drew him down to him. "Together, you and I, . . . we were to have been married at the same time."

"And we will, don't worry about that," said Neli, removing the hand which had encircled his neck.

In the meantime the doctor was examining the dying man. It was a plain case of anthrax.

"Tell me, don't you remember some insect biting you?"

"No," Zaru motioned with his head.

"Insect?" Saro asked.

The doctor explained the disease as well as he could, to those two ignorants. An animal must have died of anthrax somewhere in the district. The carcass, thrown into a ditch, must have gathered hundreds of insects. One of these insects had flown into the stable here and had infected Zaru with the disease.

As the doctor spoke, Zaru turned his face to the wall.

No one knew, and yet Death was here still,—so little, so inconspicuous, that no one would notice it.

There was a fly there on the wall. It appeared motionless, yet, on looking closer, it could be seen, now to stretch forth and display its proboscis, now to clean briskly its two slender hind legs, rubbing them together as if in satisfaction.

Zaru stared at it.

A fly. . . .

Could it have been this one or another? Who could know? Now that he heard the doctor speak, he remembered. Yes, the day before, when he had come here to sleep, a fly had annoyed him. Could it have been this one?

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Suddenly he saw it take flight,—and he turned to watch it.

Now, there it was on Neli's cheek. From his cheek, softly, softly, it made its way to the chin, until it reached the razor scratch, where it attached itself voraciously.

Giurlannu Zaru watched it in wonderment,—intent, absorbed. Then, in a hollow, hoarse voice he asked, "Could it have been a fly?

"A fly? Why not?" the doctor replied.

Giurlannu Zaru said nothing more. He remained watching the fly in wonderment, while Neli, almost stunned by the doctor's words, made no attempt to drive it away. Zaru took no more notice of what the doctor said, but he rejoiced in the fact that the doctor's words held his cousin's attention, causing him to stand there as motionless as a statue, and that they prevented him from noticing the fly there on his chin. Perhaps it was the same one! Now—yes—yes—they would be married at the same time! A piercing envy, a ferocious jealousy had risen in him against this healthy young cousin of his, to whom there remained, full of promise, dear life,—life which had suddenly denied herself to him.

Then Neli, feeling himself pricked at last, raised his hand and drove the fly away, and set to rubbing the cut on his chin. He turned towards Zaru, who was looking up at him, and he became alarmed, seeing Zaru's ghastly lips open in a monstrous grin. For a time they looked at each other. Then Zaru said, almost unconsciously, "The fly. . . ."

Neli did not understand, and bent down a little to hear better.

"What did you say?"

"The fly. . . ." replied Zaru.

"What fly? Where?" Neli demanded in agitation, looking at the doctor.

"There, where you are scratching. I know," said Zaru.

Neli showed the doctor the cut on his chin.

"What have I got there? It smarts. . . ."

The doctor examined him, frowning. Then, wishing to observe him better, drew him outside the stable. Saro followed them.

What was happening? Zaru waited, waited a long while, with an anxiety which stirred his very bowels. He heard them speaking outside there, confusedly; then, suddenly, Saro hurried

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back into the stable, took the mule, and without even turning to look at Zaru, went out again, crying, "Ah, Neluccio mio! Ah, Neluccio mio!"

Was it true then? And now they abandoned him here like a dog? He managed to raise himself on his elbow and called twice, "Saro. . . . Saro. . . ."

Silence. No one. He no longer held himself up on his elbow. He fell back again, and for a time he howled in order not to feel the silence of the country-side which terrified him. Suddenly, there came to him the thought that he must have dreamed that evil dream in his fever, but turning back to the wall, he saw the fly there again.

There it was.

Now it stretched forth and displayed its proboscis. Now it cleaned briskly its two slender hind legs, rubbing them together as if in satisfaction.

The short story in the March Forum will be by FANNIE HURST

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STEINMETZ

MARY VANDERPOEL HUN

With a Linoleum cut by Harry Townsend

NOT only for his incalculable services to electrical science will Steinmetz be remembered, but also for the endearing personal qualities which have already gone to the creation of a picturesque legend. Handicapped by his physical deformity, the little magician was a fascinating combination of child and genius, at times unbelievably naive. Astute in municipal politics, he was nevertheless devoid of business instinct, and above all things he longed for love and affection.

ALL great men have two reputations, the first accorded them by their confrères, the second by the people. Charles Proteus Steinmetz was to the General Electric Company a lucid intelligence, grasping easily where others failed, explaining simply where others lost themselves. But to the public his fascination grew in part from the mystery and romance that surrounded him. He was an exile; he was a hunchback; he was an "electrical wizard" called on perhaps once or twice a year to solve the riddles of the great works.

The main outline of his scientific career is well known. On October 26th, when the curiously picturesque consulting engineer died in his fifty-eighth year, a member of the General Electric Company declared that although the name of Steinmetz "would never be included in the list of great inventors, physicists, or mathematicians, it would still be a mistake to class him in importance below them." For "he had contributed to the theory and development of electrical science in every field excepting that of radio" and was "far more than any other man responsible for the enormous growth of the electrical industry during the last thirty years."

His contributions "were the result of theoretical work. The theory of electricity and magnetism was practically a closed chapter with the publication some fifty years ago of Maxwell's famous papers, and with the additional work of Heaviside commenced some ten years later. Unfortunately Maxwell's as well as Heaviside's works were not easy reading, and certainly few engineers could extract any useful knowledge from them. Steinmetz and Kenelly of Harvard seem to have appreciated first the necessity of translating this work into a language which

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the engineer could understand, and both set about doing it at the same time. Papers by both appeared covering the simplifications that could be made in the calculation of alternating current phenomena by the use of complex numbers. To Steinmetz, however, must be given the credit of having persistently pushed the use of this tool throughout his entire life. Book after book, paper after paper appeared where the particular use of this method was beautifully shown in the case of every electrical machine in existence. This then was his greatest piece of work." But electrical engineers might review in detail many further achievements showing "his keen analytical mind."

But the man who left so distinguished a record behind him possessed, for the public at least, a romantic value. He was born in Breslau, Germany, in 1865. His mother died at his birth, leaving him to the care of his father and grandmother. The father, a hunchback, occupied a small governmental position in a railroad. The old grandmother managed the simple household in Tauenzienstrasse and was the constant companion of the little boy. It was for her that he built his block castles on the floor. It was she who reproved him when he illuminated the interior of these edifices with lighted candles, so that the smell of smoke and charred wood caused her to hurry from the kitchen. It was with the old woman beside him that he sat on the little red chest (which his imagination had transformed into a magic ship) and played his favorite game, "going to America."

As he grew older he attended the classical gymnasium or high school, and finally entered the University of Breslau in 1883. Here he distinguished himself as a mathematician and was invited to his first socialist meeting by a friend named Lux. Steinmetz loved Lux, a man of vast enthusiasm who later served a ten months' sentence for his socialistic activities.

The commanding figure of Bismarck cast a shadow over the liberal tendencies of Germany in those days and the Breslau students were fated to see a crisis in political affairs. The typographical union, the strongest organization of its kind in the country, suddenly flared forth in a great strike. The government immediately confiscated their funds and forbade the formation of other typographical unions. Instantly the printers joined the ranks of the socialists, where their skill as typesetters was of

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Charles Proteus Steinmetz

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the utmost value. The government again retaliated, suppressed all the socialist newspapers in Germany, and forbade their further publication. Into this protracted struggle, known as "the ten years war with Bismarck," Steinmetz was drawn. He helped edit two radical journals, and his activity coming to the knowledge of the authorities, he prepared to leave the country. He visited his father for the last time, bought a return ticket to Vienna, in order to mislead the police, and fled to Zurich.

Here he spent twelve months, occupied as always with science and socialism, and in the year 1889 with his friend Oscar Ammussen came, by steerage, to the United States. He spoke no English, had only a small sum of money and was a little creature frightfully deformed,—his chest sunken, his back humped, and his fine big long head covered with bushy hair. Only the pleading of his friend Ammussen persuaded the immigration authorities to open the gates to the little foreigner, who with singular good fortune fell in with one of his own countrymen and found almost immediate employment in the establishment at Yonkers of Eichemyer, a former student of South Germany who had engaged in the revolution of 1848. Here, with a beautiful enthusiasm, Steinmetz took out his first papers as a citizen of the United States and gained his first renown in the scientific world by his work on "Magnetic Hysteresis."

One characteristic anecdote of these early days alone needs recording. Steinmetz, who hated above all things to live alone, occupied meagre quarters with a fellow employee. The bachelors were sitting at supper one evening when they were amused to see a little mouse darting over the kitchen floor. Steinmetz threw him a crumb. More crumbs followed on other evenings until the little creature grew quite tame. Then more mice came and were hospitably received. But the practice engendered evil results: the mice increased alarmingly. The men stopped feeding them but the thieves now stole the provisions, and entering the wardrobes consumed a considerable number of handkerchiefs. There was only one alternative. The trap and persecution. But at this the scientist recoiled. He could not kill what he had once tamed and encouraged. Instead he decamped. He packed bag and baggage, hustled his friend away and left the mice to fight for existence under a new tenant.

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New events were shaping themselves. The General Electric Company bought out the Eichemyer establishment, and in February, 1893, Steinmetz moved with his new employers to Lynn, Massachusetts. Here he entered what is known as the "calculating room," a shop given over to the calculation and designing of electrical apparatus. The following year the company again moved him, this time to Schenectady, where he became the head of a similar department.

Here he settled with some friends in a house on Liberty Street, where he was free to absorb himself in experiments and work. This house was only a five or six minutes' walk from the big factory, and the little man rode on his bicycle every morning through the General Electric gates. Always anxious to prove his independence of his physical deformity, he had mastered this new machine and boasted of the many miles he could travel.

A glimpse at this early period discloses a curious sort of childishness. He complained that in Germany as a boy he had seldom been allowed to play, and had never run alone into the open street. It has been suggested that "for this reason he remained a child all his life and loved children, young men, and girls." So in the home on Liberty Street he maintained a "menagerie" and showed the school children his six-foot alligator, his birds, and his raccoons so tame that they had the run of the house. He delighted in children's stories, and he read *Mother Goose* at least "a hundred times." His love of beauty was very apparent. The sunset, the stars, the flowers drew exclamations from him, and he would sit by the hour to watch a beautiful woman.

Coming home at night he would sometimes say, "We haven't had a dance for a week." Not that Steinmetz could dance. But in place of the black jersey, which showed his form to such frightful disadvantage, he would wear his new tuxedo and ask his partners to sit by him like Columbine and Punchinello on the stairs. Did they do it out of pity, or were they interested, and did he feel his deformity, clinging to him like the priest's black robe, enjoining celibacy and barring the way to happiness? Above all men he craved what youth means by "love."

In these early days at least his dissipation in smoking was equalled only by his passion for coffee. He puffed continuously

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at his long panetelas, and at night he retired with a huge pitcher of black coffee by his bed. The copious draughts he consumed in the small dark hours were proved by the diminished supply in the morning. Perhaps his wretched physique made these stimulants necessary. Six years before his death, however, he was obliged to take his caffein in more limited quantities.

Steinmetz had a rather boisterous sense of fun. A man over thirty enjoying the companionship of men newly arrived in America, he found with them a great delight in changing, and in some instances in carrying away the signboards that lined the streets of Schenectady. To place a sign meant for a beer shop over a dignified business house seemed to him inexpressibly funny.

As the years advanced, the young scientific confrères scattered, each to engage in his own particular field. Youth was over, and it is probable that the consulting engineer was lonely. Middle age found him living with the family of J. LeRoy Hayden, his first assistant. He took them into his house and became deeply attached to them. This new home contained his laboratories, built by the General Electric Company, and a greenhouse. The old amusing characteristics seemed to have remained with him, for he filled the greenhouse with cacti, orchids, birds, an alligator, a gila monster, and a central pool filled with fish.

He was a great man now, an acknowledged scientific genius, but from this time on his mind seems to have turned more and more to the broad questions of education and to the development of his own socialistic theories. Education he considered "not the learning of a trade or profession" but "the development of the intellect and the broadening of the mind." In his opinion, "the neglect of the classics is one of the most serious mistakes," for this study "opens to the student other worlds entirely different from our present, the world of art and literature, of Hellas, and the world of organization and administration,—and of citizenship,—of Rome." Technical training alone will not fit "a man to perform intelligently his duties as a citizen of the republic during the stormy times of industrial and social reorganization which are before us."

He was deeply engrossed in the activities of the Socialist Party and served as head of the Common Council and as a

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member of the School Board. The Socialist Mayor, George R. Lunn, was sometimes a congressman as well as a mayor. Lunn would go to Washington to act in his official capacity and Steinmetz would become the acting official of the town. Lunn always returned, however, just in time to prevent Steinmetz from automatically becoming permanent executive.

This new career developed in Steinmetz unsuspected traits, and he became an astute politician. This was the more extraordinary as he seems never to have been able to amass money, and his associates had come to regard him as a child with an enormous scientific brain. Yet he now met his political antagonists with skill, and with a curious familiarity swayed the working class around him. A glimpse of him as a public speaker illustrates this influence.

As a member of the School Board he once addressed a mass meeting called to champion the idea of a doctor in the public schools. Meetings of this type were rarer in those days than now. It was a Sunday afternoon and the big, ugly Schenectady Theatre was filled to its capacity. The audience, composed of men from the works and a few scattered intellectuals, were tense with the desire to miss no word. The silence was almost unbelievable but it was necessary, for on the dimly lighted stage the speaker, almost hanging between two chairs for support, could not otherwise have been heard. His voice indeed was clear, but he spoke with a German accent, and his labored breathing was audible in many portions of the hall. There was no attempt at oratory. The sense alone seemed important to him and to his listeners. Tracing civilization back to Greece and describing Greek education and the ideal of the beautiful physique, the speaker urged that in training the mind we should not forget the body.

"It is as foolish to have a school without a doctor as a school without a teacher," he said.

But it was when his discourse was finished that the little humpback displayed his greatest power. He was hardly seated before the questions arose from all sides of the hall. The inquiries indicated the strong socialistic trend of the audience. One question and answer are given from memory:

Man from the floor: "Mr. Steinmetz, you talk about the

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public schools, well I'd just like to say my boy doesn't learn much in them. Would the people who own everything ever let him know that he is to own nothing, not even a job?" (Voice rising angrily.) "No, you bet not. What do they teach him?—silly stories! They tell him a story about George Washington never telling a lie, and a story about Abraham Lincoln finding a little bird on the road and putting it back in its nest." (Voice of scorn.) "What good will that do him when he comes out?"

Mr. Steinmetz (who, seated, has been leaning forward, hand to ear): "Now I consider that your son is learning a great deal in the school. He learns a story about George Washington and how he never told a lie. Yet when your boy enters the world he will find untruthful men around him,—in business, in politics, in the union. He learns in school a story of Abraham Lincoln which teaches the value and sacredness of life, but when your boy leaves school he will find that men kill. He may even be drafted into the army to destroy life. Perhaps the difference between what he learnt at school and what he finds in the world may teach him to think. That is the greatest thing that can happen to a man."

For the most part the questions left the public school in the background. The discussion ranged from large armaments and Theodore Roosevelt to socialism, taxation, and "big business." One sentence of that afternoon proved interesting:

"There will never be war between England and Germany," said Steinmetz, "no matter what the politicians say. We are on the verge of enormous combinations. There will be an alliance between Germany, England, and America."

These were years of power and many people came to see the great man, who for all his genius was easily accessible to young engineers, women suffragists, socialists, or reporters. Perhaps he was too fond of amusing the latter, and once at his camp on the Mohawk he hurled a bolt of a million horsepower lightning at a block of wood. This tendency to play was criticized in some quarters as a sort of childish advertisement. His detractors regarded him as a poseur. They decried his prophecies and disliked his notoriety. But the public sensed no lack of dignity. With far more penetration they felt that Steinmetz, exile or not, was a German in the somewhat dangerous sense of the word.

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His belief in big armaments; his constant emphasis on efficiency (for he believed in woman's suffrage, not for "sentimental reasons" but because it meant better schools and especially prohibition, and he believed in prohibition because it meant efficiency); his liking for a strong centralized form of government; his continuous reference to men as children in constant need of restraint; his desire for a peremptory handling of Mexico, —caused many a thoughtful citizen to doubt.

The peaceful years were slipping by for him engrossed in work and friendship. He spent the winters in the city with the family he loved. Spring and the melting snow saw him in his old canoe paddling up the Mohawk to his camp. Then in 1914 came the war. He was deeply stirred and saddened. It was probably the greatest sorrow of his life. For the first time he knew separation between himself and the country where he had played so admirable a part, and he bitterly deprecated the racial antagonisms left in the wake of the great disaster. A believer in the melting pot, he declared that a mixed race was destined to play the greatest part in history.

As life crowded one event upon another, the Russian revolution broke in storm and flame. Always a radical, he watched with interest, evinced an enormous admiration for Lenin and Trotsky, and publicly offered them his services as a consulting engineer which for practical reasons Lenin refused.

It was in October of last year that the "little giant," returning from a trip to the California coast, developed the heart trouble from which he never recovered. The long journey and its accompaniment of speech-making had resulted in a case of over exertion. For two weeks after his return he was not seen by even his closest friends. On the morning of October 26th his thirteen-year-old adopted son entered the room with the breakfast tray and found the inventor dead.

In his house was the old red chest on which fifty-four years ago he, with his grandmother beside him, had made his first mystic journey to the west. Since then his hand had guided a great force, giving power and light to man, turning a mi lion wheels and carrying messages on wires and waves of space. What a voyage lay behind the crippled sailor!

Coincident with his death there arose speculations as to his

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wealth. He had entered this country at the age of twenty-four, a poor immigrant with ten dollars in his pocket. What had he amassed in his dizzy climb to fame? His estate, as reported by the newspapers, consisted of a house, a shanty on the Mohawk river, $24,000,—besides a $1,500 life insurance policy held by every fellow employee of five years' standing,—a canoe, and an electric car of the year 1912.

A few years before his death, he told a Russian friend that life had given him everything except the greatest,—the companionship of wife and children.

"In the realm of science," he once said, "all attempts to find any evidence of supernatural beings, of metaphysical conceptions, as God, immortality, infinity, have failed, and if we are honest we must confess that in science there exists no God, no immortality, no soul. . . . But are the conceptions of science really final and all-embracing, or are they limited, holding within a certain range only?"

Thus he left the question open. He had created wealth for others and adopted other men's children. He had sometimes been happy, and he had always been interested.

So he vanished, the little magician. The heart which felt so keenly the toil and drudgery of the masses, and vibrated so wistfully to beauty, would beat no more.

What had he gained from his contemplation of the Universe: rotating electrons, stars and planets, luminous nebulae, and burning sun? Were "we only cosmic dust?" Certainly he had learnt faith in life, belief in beauty and truth; and the ultimate brotherhood of man. And for the rest? He would have said with his own great Goethe,

"Stars silent rest o'er us
Graves under us silent."

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OUR LITERARY RENAISSANCE

ALFRED KUTTNER

LITERARY criticism in this country has not yet caught up with the chaotic output of creative writing that began during the last years of the war. The new experimental writers are damned by the old standards and dangerously coddled by their sycophants, a condition which adds to their difficulties and keeps uninitiated readers in the dark. In these circumstances the intelligent and candid reaction of foreign observers, —such as Mr. Bechhofer,—cannot fail to be useful and refreshing.

THE *Entente Cordiale* between America and England has nowhere found so practical an expression as in the literary field. Pens across the inkpot have done quite as much as hands across the sea to strengthen the understanding between two countries whose identity of language and similarity of traditions have made a spiritual *rapprochement* even more inevitable than a common international ideal. There was a time when these impalpable ties were less closely knit. English critics and men of letters used to consider it obligatory either to patronize our literature or else to lecture us for not sufficiently appreciating our scarcely established classics, such as Poe or Whitman.

Fortunately we have developed a serviceable protective epidermis against inevitably one-sided attempts to patronize us. As far as the apparent neglect of our classics is concerned there is sometimes something to be said in favor of a certain lack of appreciation of one's own literary monuments. For it lies in the nature of classics that they must grow a little cold before one can warm up to them; and, meanwhile, there is the ever living flesh of a growing body of literature in our midst, which is absorbing more and more of our attention. It is a healthy sign that our interest should fasten upon what is in the making rather than upon what is already established.

A more just appreciation of our literature, coming from English sources, a considered opinion based upon direct impressions rather than lazy preconceptions, has a value quite beyond the furtherance of international amity. We have rarely stood so much in need of a few rectifying judgments. Our perspectives have become confused, our criticism is in a state of chaos and negation. We exuberantly hail a crop of masterpieces

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each year which are forgotten the next, and spend the rest of our time in elaborating a school of criticism which proclaims our literary damnation. How salutary, then, if we could sometimes pause to read ourselves as others read us.

Our exuberance is undoubtedly more characteristic of us and decidedly more attractive than our criticism. It is at least less pretentious. Critically we are moving in a vicious circle. A shopworn discussion of Puritanism, Calvinism, and Pollyannaism, carried to tedious lengths, in which all terms have been diluted and interpreted out of all arguable meaning, has tended to paralyze any new critical perceptions. These national blights have been marshaled in dreadful array to confute anybody who dared to think that our literature might have a fighting chance of significant achievement. Critics of this school one and all commit the fallacy of stretching a pet cause of theirs to explain all effects, and seem oblivious of the discomfiture to which their complacent literary sociology may at any time expose them. Nothing would so surprise Van Wyck Brooks, for instance, as to find that a strong artistic personality had triumphed over the obstacles which he has laid down; nothing would so annoy Mr. Mencken as to be brought face to face with a writer who had proceeded in complete disregard of the "boobery."

On the other hand the upholders of such a tradition as Puritanism, put on the defensive by these inverted critical Cassandras who never tell the whole truth and are always believed, fall into a different form of exaggeration. They pretend, with loud argumentative fervor, to see nothing but good in Puritanism, and reconstruct a golden age from which all the laudable characteristics of our literature are supposed to spring. They do not really mean this and often have their tongues in their cheeks when they go thumping away about the good old days, and diagnose the jaundice of some particularly brash member of our *jeunesse*. But they feel involved in the by now serio-comic battle with the other side, and in battle there is no room for candor. Apparently neither group has sufficient intellectual resource to put the issue in its proper place and proceed to something else, so that critics of both camps go on tilting at each others' word-mills, to the great detriment of any real critical advance.

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This is largely responsible for the fact that the development of American Humanism is practically at a standstill. Indeed the conviction grows that it is due to the paucity of their outlook and imagination that our critics keep their horns locked so tenaciously. Neither side feels free to make its contribution to the stream of criticism. Thus, for instance, there is very little helpful criticism of the experimental side of American literature. The new is condemned according to the old canons without regard for differences of purpose or point of view, always an easy and usually a contemptible procedure. Our experimentalists flounder about with no one to separate the wheat from the chaff, so that those who are sincere among them suffer from the parasitism of the charlatan and the poseur, who are inevitably attracted to every new artistic movement. Here too the impressions of a foreign observer might prove refreshing.

Mr. C. E. Bechhofer, an English critic and observer of varied experience, has recently given an excellent example of a sympathetic and intelligent approach to our literature by publishing his log of a number of "voyages of literary discovery" which he undertook to the United States. (THE LITERARY RENAISSANCE IN AMERICA, Heinemann, London.) Mr. Bechhofer makes the very generous statement that American literature appears to be "the growing end of English literature today." It is in a certain quickening of our national self-consciousness, a new reliance upon ourselves as a separate nation bent upon expressing itself in its own way, that he sees the promising signs of our literary coming of age. Thus Mr. Bechhofer, an Englishman, asserts our emergence from the state of colonial dependency upon English literature, a thing which Sinclair Lewis proclaimed with publicity gestures some time ago, which Mr. Brooks dared palely to hope for, an achievement whose significance will depend to a great extent upon the quality of our new literary output.

This declaration of literary independence is only about five years old, according to Mr. Bechhofer, beginning roughly with the termination of the war, though he does not attempt to put it into any organic relation with that ambiguous event. His first concern is to give his English reader some sense of the background of American literature by digesting and quoting a number of our literary critics who have devoted themselves to

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stating the case against the emergence of the artist in America by drawing a picture of our spiritual inhibitions. Nothing could so convincingly set forth the spurious fatalism and the short-sighted determinism of American criticism as Mr. Bechhofer's quotations from Messrs. Brooks, Canby, and Mencken. The foreign observer will, of course, hardly be in a position to distinguish between the very large element of personal narrative and the residue of valid criticism in the works of these writers. But the very thoroughness with which they have darkened the American scene, whether they have done so with the rambunctiousness of Mr. Mencken or the air of bereavement so characteristic of Mr. Brooks, is likely to arouse his sporting blood. His sympathies will be all on the side of every author who can clear these literary hurdles. And it is precisely Mr. Bechhofer's point that the American literary renaissance has been a successful revolt against our dominant inhibitions and taboos.

His first enthusiasm is for James Branch Cabell, best known as the author of *Jurgen*. Mr. Bechhofer gets the flavor of Mr. Cabell; he recognizes him as a romantic ironist who derives considerable amusement from the foibles of mankind without pretending that he himself is superior to them. Mr. Cabell has always written to please himself, through many years of neglect, without keeping half an eye on "The Saturday Evening Post" or the movies. But Mr. Cabell does not write in revolt against our literary traditions. He completely ignores them, even when they try to revenge themselves upon him by suppressing his books. He continues to write his delicately epicurean romances with perhaps a shrug of the shoulder which says,—in the best manner of his own hero Jurgen,—mediaeval to him who mediaeval thinks.

At any rate Mr. Cabell can hardly be considered a particularly militant figure in our literary renaissance. In fact it would be difficult to trace his roots very deeply in American literature. Though a Southerner he is not of the South, nor, for that matter, of the North. He is much more European, though with little definite indebtedness, and his soft and suave style makes one feel that he is somehow merely literary and not very decisively at home among us. Something of the same sort, with a slightly different emphasis, may be said of Joseph Hergesheimer. Mr.

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Bechhofer is quick to spot the spurious aspects of Mr. Hergesheimer's work and to mourn the eclipse of the author of *The Three Black Pennies* and *Java Head*. The trouble with Mr. Hergesheimer is that he frequently cannot refrain from looking at "The Saturday Evening Post" or the movies, with the result that he has declined into a rather vulgar romanticist whose latinized style seems an added affectation.

Clearly neither of these two authors are typical of our literary renaissance. They are not in the rough and unfinished; their work is not full of interesting imperfections that hold out a promise. Mr. Hergesheimer, by his own confessions, trails wistfully after foreign masters, while his soul alternately groans and ecstasizes between the flesh and the spirit of our presumable human nature. And Mr. Cabell is quite beyond any explanation on the part of our lugubrious critics.

It is quite natural, therefore, to find the English critic turning to what we ourselves would call the typical American writers of the present generation,—authors like O'Neill, Dreiser, Masters, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, and Sherwood Anderson. With the exception of Mr. O'Neill, all these authors are of the Middle West.

Mr. Bechhofer devotes an entire chapter to Mr. O'Neill's plays. He reserves his greatest admiration for *The Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape*, on the strength of which he calls Mr. O'Neill "the greatest living tragic dramatist." This glaringly journalese over-statement is likely to prejudice a saner appraisal of Mr. O'Neill abroad, where Toller and Kaiser are writing in such a similar vein, and where Galsworthy, Benavente, and Hauptmann are still to be heard from. In Mr. O'Neill we have at last an American dramatist who writes his vital dramatic experiences in a living vernacular which is never theatric or tinged with shoddy conventions. He also has the invaluable gift of self-criticism, to judge from the large number of manuscripts which he has destroyed in the course of his career. But any final judgment of him would be premature, and Mr. O'Neill already has cause to regret the extravagant praise of his friends.

When it comes to the younger group of our Middle Western novelists, Mr. Bechhofer makes a significant admission. He

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concedes that the good literary European will hardly read a novel like *Main Street* for sheer enjoyment. It must be interpreted from the sociological angle, as a compendium of information about the state of American society. Mr. Sherwood Anderson's belated childhood and his artistic naiveté also require explanation, while of Masters' *Mitch Miller* Mr. Bechhofer says that it "has an interest outside its purely literary value." Precisely what?

Now the trouble with making this sociological concession is that it immediately entails other concessions. We no longer deal with straight literary values when we constantly have to explain every book and every author in the light of a debatable social theory. And whatever the value may be of saying that *Main Street* is dull but true, prolix but representative, and that Mr. Lewis has accurately represented conditions, this is not literary criticism. It would be much more accurate to say that the photographic journalism of such a book clearly shows a society which does not yet produce writers or care for literature. Nor is there much literary significance in the fact that *Main Street* has sold over half a million copies.

It is to be admitted, of course, that an author may, so to speak, write himself out of his environment and clarify himself by registering his revolt against the society in which he lives. But we find Mr. Lewis promptly doing a slightly better *Main Street* in his *Babbitt* and then, after pontificating on the lecture platform like any Middle Western college professor about the state of American literature, exiling himself to England as the only place where his spirit can be at peace. And how are we to explain Edgar Lee Masters' vagaries in the literary jungle of Chicago after his notable achievement in his *Spoon River Anthology?*

It is curious that Mr. Bechhofer should have so largely failed to get two authors who are really a much better illustration of our literary awakening. He barely mentions Waldo Frank and rather uneasily patronizes Theodore Dreiser. But Mr. Frank is one of our few austere artistic personalities, a writer who has remained true to himself in everything he has done, and who has powerfully moulded our language into a new medium of expression. And Mr. Dreiser, on his part, has for the last twenty years

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done precisely what Mr. Bechhofer has sought to discover in our younger writers. He has interpreted our culture in a manner which should interest every European, looking upon America as a continent artistically sufficient unto itself and seeking only to register how we, happily or unhappily, strive to make ourselves at home here. To him the fact that England and America use the same language is merely an accident, nor has he any allegiances abroad except perhaps a spiritual kinship with Dostoevski. Mr. Bechhofer is not without a certain admiration for Mr. Dreiser, but it seems rather handed down and betrays a certain artistic insularity, despite the best of intentions.

But even with these reservations Mr. Bechhofer has found his way through our literary labyrinth with considerable success. If he has at times been rather obviously piloted, that was to be expected. He makes the remarkable statement, for instance, that Harold Stearns was a leading spirit among the younger radical publicists in America after the war, and dismisses the late Randolph Bourne as a practically negligible quantity. It is as unfair to burden Mr. Stearns with such a reputation as it is to withdraw it from Mr. Bourne. Mr. Bourne was much more than a thorn in the side of our fatuous liberals who thought they could hallow a sordid commercial war by giving it their belated approval. His predictions of the spiritual effects of the war remain uncanny. It is not at all necessary to assume the cultic attitude of Mr. Bourne's more enthusiastic friends to realize that, had he lived, his very fervor would have made him a worthy critic of an American literary renaissance.

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A NOVEL INDEX

Being a Kind Word to Publishers

VIOLA PARADISE

IF YOU are one of those sensitive souls whose feelings are continually being wounded by the appearance of gore-stained words and equivocal situations in the middle of innocent-looking new novels, or if you are a bold and sinister person of reprehensible tastes and have been disappointed by the purity of novels wrapped in flaming "jackets" and seductively entitled, you cannot fail to be interested in this suggestion for a new kind of index,—not the kind sponsored by the church of Rome!

MR. BENCHLEY'S essay on "Blurbs" in the December FORUM spreads the glad tidings that literature's Golden Age is upon us. Yet there is a dark side, as all choosers of Christmas gifts know, if they have staggered from blurb to dizzy blurb, from critic to lyric critic, in an agony of indecision between "the most vital novel of the century" and "the most superb achievement in human revelation." And by the time the spring announcements are out, the Golden Age will have given way to the Platinum and Diamond Age, the dictionary will be depleted of all its praiseful adjectives, and the Thesaurus nearly fifty per cent impotent. And what will the publishers do then, poor things? Mr. Benchley sees them tucking their blurb under their wing, and lapsing back to such stark old notices as "A new novel by Mr. Dickens."

Yet there are two untried and exuberant alternatives:

(a) They can step over to the right column of the Thesaurus, and tell what books are *not*. "Let none buy this book," the new blurb might run, "thinking it most wretched, blatant, towsled or dull. On the contrary." This method, though not so good as one to be presented a few paragraphs later, has great advantages over the present system. The denunciatory vocabulary is richer, more stirringly colorful, more emotional than the commendatory; and quantitatively more generous, too. Look up the words *approbation* and *disapprobation* in Roget; you find twice as many unpleasant as pleasant words. A still greater plurality is enjoyed by *bad man* over *good man*, language apparently maintaining a nice balance with life. *Drunkenness* overwhelms *sobriety* by a tremendous majority; *piety* and *purity*

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make a pitiable showing when confronted with their opposites; and against *Satan*, *angel* hasn't a chance. And though *pity* seems greater than *pitilessness*, one sniffs an insincerity here, for *condemnation* has a great advantage over *acquittal*. Besides, there are numbers of words like *libertine*, *contempt*, *envy*, *malediction*, which have no antonyms whatever in the Thesaurus.

So, with all this unpleasant lavishness there will be words for some time to come for the selling of books, with only the insertion of a simple negative.

There are further advantages. The blurb might become more interesting than the contents. Presently publishers would give up the printing of books and publish the blurb only. (Authors need not worry, however. Books would still have to be written to inspire the blurb, just as scenarios are written today for the movies.) But then, instead of being given away free, as now, the blurb would have to be inserted in covers, with a notice on the outside: "Read this blurb. The most overwhelming use of denunciatory words ever found in a superlativity contest." Every newspaper would have a column "The New Blurb." Radio broadcasting stations would use a blurb as a "Breakfast-time Story." Publishers would offer blurb prizes, retaining serial rights for "The Scandal Monthly," and also moving picture rights. The blurbos, as the new craftsmen would be called, could keep all translation rights except the Scandinavian.

But to turn from the tempting possibilities of this method to that other which was promised a while back, and which you have astutely guessed is named:

(b) The Novel Index. The time will come when even (a) is an exhausted advertising device, and the gentle book buyer yearns, even as now, to know something about the book. Gone are the old titles and subtitles from which once he could get inklings. In the days of *The Cook's Revenge, or the Blood on the Kitchen Floor* you could tell approximately what you were getting. Not so today. Indeed, in view of the changing titles, one could almost be harsh with publishers for not having thought of the Index themselves. Can you, without misgivings, buy *Pink Horses* for your young brother who has gone West to raise blooded stock? How can you tell that he will not be confronted with a modern Ponce de Leon substituting glands for the fountain

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of eternal youth, with never a word on manes and tails? With an index in the back of every novel, you would avoid such plights. You could enter any book store with confidence. You would not send *Lucy's Blue Shoes* to your little cousin Louise out on the farm. For first of all you would open the index to *C*. There you would find:

Complex, pp. 3, 17, 29–73, 87, 206–301.
Complexion, 239.

And you would know that little cousin Louise had better get a copy of *Little Women* or *The Conquest of Mexico*. And *Lucy's Blue Shoes* you would send instead to your room-mate's sister at Vassar. A facility with the alphabet, and some astuteness with arithmetic would always keep you straight. All you need do would be to decide on the key words. Thus the book *Wreckage* you would test out chiefly with the letter *M*, counting the number of page references under each of the following:

Mate
Chief-
Soul-
Mast
Matrimony
Mencken
Midwife

This should be sufficient; but a beginner might look also under *D* for *divorce* and *doubloon*, and if there were still doubts, under *A* for *adultery*. If the latter were mentioned specifically, you could be sure the book was moral, and could send it to the mother of Cousin Louise.

If you were looking for another type of book, you would look through a few indices for the word *escapes*, with the sub-headings *fire*, *from reality*, *hairbreadth*.

One might go on indefinitely (if one could think of enough good test words). Sufficient has been said, however, to show what an aid and comfort the Novel Index would afford. Now, instead of presenting *South of Heaven* to the minister, you will give it to his son; and you will never need hesitate, puzzled whether to send any specific book to a confirmed "Dial" reader who wears batik and is being psychoanalyzed, or to your poor dear old mother, who never got beyond Ibsen.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

THE PERMANENT ROOSEVELT

A GOOD many people are expressing their opinion of Lord Charnwood's *Roosevelt* nowadays, yet, to my quadrupedantic way of thinking, most of them are wrong. Blind lovers of Roosevelt usually welcome another word in praise of their hero and let it go at that; blind haters of him put their busy fingers on little discrepancies here and there; and the irreproachably judicious get out their scales again. Now to my mind the conspicuous but only merit of the book lies in Lord Charnwood's ability to see the political figure of Roosevelt from a distance and thus to recognize, in a consistent picture, that his hero's mistakes were, after all, the defects of his virtues.

But this is not the permanent Roosevelt. Lord Charnwood pictures a great political figure, but without those human distinctions which in his lifetime made him a contagious personality and which among future generations will give point to his particular kind of greatness. Jefferson was no doubt a greater statesman, Lincoln a greater president; Cleveland was probably a greater executive; but no American since Franklin has been so great a man. Captain Burke, formerly one of Roosevelt's New York police, said to the President's sister: "Do you remember the fun of him, Mrs. Robinson? It was not only that he was a great man, but oh, there was such fun in being led by him." *Not only* that he was a great man! I wonder if Captain Burke knew that his leader was a great man partly, perhaps largely, because of "the fun of him."

"Manners maketh man." Lives of great men may remind us that we can make our lives sublime, but primarily they remind us that the chief requisite of greatness is to be human. Already the political sagacity and courage of Lincoln are fading into the background, while the human personality emerges more and more to fill our minds and hearts and to fire our imaginations. Roosevelt the political figure is of the moment; the next generation will want, rather, evidences of what Roosevelt's sister-

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biographer calls "his loyalty and tenderness of heart," of what Captain Burke calls "the fun of him." Biographers usually make a stuffed Indian of their subjects,—in spite of the evidence, in the Gospels, in Benvenuto Cellini, in Boswell, in Trevelyan, that the human story is the only permanent thing. We take our hats off to a political figure, but we *follow* a man. You can't quite make a stuffed Indian out of Roosevelt yet,—he is still living in too many hearts. Also, a colorless *effigies* is no doubt useful in its way, like those busts of Caesar and Socrates that used to adorn the schoolroom brackets. But we need more portraits of the astonishing and lovable *person*. We who knew him need them; posterity, who can know him only through books, will be impoverished without them.

Some of these portraits already have been drawn. *My Brother Theodore Roosevelt*, by Mrs. Robinson, and *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children* give us the beginnings of the gallery that we need. *The Many-sided Roosevelt; an Anecdotal Biography*, and John J. Leary's *Talks With T. R.* belong also in the gallery; and there are several little pen-and-ink sketches that must go in. But the walls are still almost bare. One biographer even apologizes for considering humor one of Roosevelt's merits, and makes nothing whatever of his voracious zest for it. We can't hang that picture!

Roosevelt's humor was not an occasional guest, for moments of relaxation. It attended his whole life. "The fun of him" was intimately bound up with his intellectual vigor, his restless activity, and his "tenderness of heart." Suppose he had confided political secrets to me (he certainly was not guarded in his utterances, for he talked with bewildering indiscretion; but suppose I had been a political somebody in his life),—I think that, even then, the important thing would have been, not the political secrets, but the restless vigor, the astonishing variety of interest, and the almost carnivorous humor. I say "*almost* carnivorous," but there was as much soul as flesh in it (*hearty* would be the word if we had not worn it out). We may as well grant that his sagacity, honesty, and courage had something to do with his success, but it was the more personal, human qualities which made people love and follow him.

Among these qualities none was more striking than his readi-

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ness on all sorts of subjects. His amazing absorption of reading matter is common knowledge, but there is one story in connection with it which, I believe, has never had much circulation. The late Barrett Wendell used to tell how he one day met a colleague in great perturbation of mind. The President, it appeared, was going to write an article on Old Irish Literature and had asked Wendell's colleague to do him the favor of looking it over in manuscript. Of course he could not refuse the President, but—well, Roosevelt was a many-sided man, to be sure; still, it was hardly likely he had more than a superficial knowledge of the subject; he was certain to make dreadful mistakes, if not of fact, at least of opinion, in compressing so difficult and unfamiliar a subject into a magazine article. Not long after, Professor Wendell met the same colleague, this time delighted. Roosevelt, it appeared, had made an excellent job of it, an astonishingly good job,—astonishing indeed when he must have done it, so to speak, with his left hand while he was at the same time doing an astonishingly good job at running the nation with his right.

After a busy morning, he would,—but perhaps I had better say *how* busy. I don't know when it began, but by nine o'clock he had ridden horseback or taken a long tramp, eaten breakfast, and read through a veritable pile of magazines and newspapers. The reading alone would have killed the morning for an ordinary mortal. If a few minutes still remained before Mr. Loeb arrived at Sagamore Hill, the President joined his family on the porch, rocked hard, and talked harder. Then till lunch he was closeted with Mr. Loeb or with visitors, but closeted with the door open, so that one passing could see him, usually on his feet, dictating as strenuously as he talked in public. He seemed to have time for everybody. He might be dictating an important letter to Mr. Root. Just as likely he was dictating a letter of genuine gratitude to an old soul in Kansas who had sent him a trumpery gift with her compliments and the announcement that she had seven children; or perhaps he was answering, as if it really mattered, the letter of a little English boy who had written suggesting that the American President should have a bodyguard like King Edward's. They did really matter to Roosevelt, these letters; for he was always interested in human contacts.

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After such a morning, he talked his way through lunch, sometimes perhaps to keep the conversation where he wanted it if there were political guests, but more often, I suspect, for the same reason that Burke talked,—"not from a desire of distinction, but because his mind was full." People representing all sorts of interests,—political, business, ecclesiastical, academic, diplomatic,—sat at his table nearly every day; yet, oftener than not, he knew more about their subject than they. I wondered at first if so much talk was not skilful bluffing; he might do it for a while, but surely he could not keep it up. It was fabulous, preposterous. But he stood the test day after day,—routed us all over and over again, always with delicious good humor, incidentally ran the nation with unusual vigor, and wrote articles on Old Irish Literature with his left hand! And so far only half the day has been accounted for! He had only just begun to fight.

This vigor and versatility were astonishing; but what made the conversation engaging, really memorable, was not its range, but its humor. He delighted in picturesque phrases. Not a "phrase-maker," never "precious" in his English, he had, rather, an Elizabethan exuberance of phrase. He rarely spoke of a person without adding a telling description; that was part of the "fun of him." I remember his speaking of one of the Secret Service men as "Craig, that excellent fellow with the prize-fighting past." Plain "Craig" wouldn't do, not merely because he was "excellent", as indeed he was), but because Roosevelt's imagination would not brook the mere colorless name. He nearly always had more than the bare name for his children,—sometimes a hilarious epithet when he was particularly affectionate. Which reminds me. One very solemn senator I remember: a man who did not understand the "headlong humor" of Roosevelt's phrases. On the day in question the President was late for luncheon, and Archie, aged eight and conceded to have special powers over his father, was sent into the study to act as bait. Before long they came impetuously forth, the President chasing Archie and shouting with melodramatic venom, "You abominable little rascal! You incorrigible scamp!" Consternation of the solemn senator, who glanced nervously at Mrs. Roosevelt,—as who should say,

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"You are smiling, madam, as if you approved of this strange behavior." The President took the situation in at once and insisted on an *encore*. Rushing again at Archie, he repeated his lines, "You abominable little rascal! You incorrigible scamp!" Further consternation of the solemn senator as Archie was caught by this carnivorous creature. But Archie was only hugged, not eaten, and seemed to understand perfectly.

Surely, among all the people who knew Roosevelt intimately there must be someone to write the Life posterity will need. Why should such someone not give up his present probably trivial occupation and set about it? Walt Whitman is reported to have said to his biographer, "Put in all the damns, Horace," —by which he meant, of course, the ugly as well as the pretty, the plain unvarnished facts. So we must have the whole Roosevelt,—the "recall of judges" as well as the call to a "square deal," the ruthless treatment of an old friend as well as the splendidly ruthless treatment of himself. So also we must have the complete political record.

But with these things, and still to be imperfectly pieced out from the few portraits in our gallery, must go the story of his scientific and literary achievements, and especially the amazing record of his human contacts,—the picture that shows his vigor and versatility, "the fun of him," and his "loyalty and tenderness of heart," the picture of the astonishing and lovable *person*.

For this last is the great, the permanent Roosevelt.

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THE POLITICAL DRAMA OF 1924

Act Two

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

ANY political drama must be built around one variation or another of a very limited number of plots. Mr. Payne computes that there are not more than six possible plots. And he cites instances in recent political history indicating that variety is sometimes obtained by praising one candidate for the identical reasons for which you have abused another. As for the Third Party, he affirms that it is already afloat under the flag of "opposition to the national administration."

WITH the publication of Prof. McElroy's long expected and very interesting life of Grover Cleveland,[1] political theorists of all schools have an opportunity to cite statesmanship that will suit every view and almost every situation of the present day. For the conservative there is consoling reading in Cleveland's relations with Mr. Morgan as a banker, and for the progressive there is the example of the encouragement he gave to his friends to bolt the regular ticket and break the relationships of a life-time when they believed that their party was wrong. As a matter of fact, progressives and conservatives will be found somewhat mixed in the things for which they will praise a really great president. Thus we find in the introduction of the book praise for Mr. Cleveland from the pen of Elihu Root, who sternly condemned his friend Theodore Roosevelt for bolting in 1912. It certainly depends on whose ox is gored.

The long years of preparation that led to the climax of 1776 were marked in a literary way by the production of almost endless researches into the past, showing that these so-called hasty patriots went far and wide to find precedents for every step that they took. Edmund Burke said that more copies of Blackstone's *Commentaries* were sold in the colonies on the Atlantic than were sold in Great Britain; while Locke, Milton, Harrington, and Hume were read and studied beside log fires by men whose early years had known the screech of the warring Indian.

Political research in the time of campaign is almost an American habit. To draw again from my reminiscences of Colonel

[1] GROVER CLEVELAND: The Man and the Statesman. Robert McElroy, Harper, 2 Vols.

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Roosevelt, it was one of the many interesting phases of his 1912 campaign that he was going back frequently to Lincoln for guidance in his own action. "Lincoln's fight," he said, not once, but a dozen times, "was against the blue stocking. It's the blue stocking that I am fighting now." We came out of the Harvard Club in New York City one night, and he said, with a touch of sadness, I thought, "You know, they don't approve of me here," and again referred to Lincoln's fight against the blue stocking.

Years ago when I was a young and earnest dramatic critic, I bought forty volumes or thereabouts of the works of Scribe to study the thirty-nine dramatic situations which Jules Lemaître had said would all be found in some form or another in the works of that master of plot. I never finished reading dear old Scribe, but I read far enough to understand what Lemaître had meant. Out of the fullness of that youthful expenditure I now say that there are in every political campaign six situations.

The curtain rises quickly, discovering Olivier packing his trunks preparatory to leaving home for the political wildernesses of Afrique. The bolt that Grover Cleveland sanctified and legitimized in the drama of 1896, with the approval of Père Elihu, is now very much in the air. Or, to leave the drama and Scribe and Lemaître and Grover Cleveland far, far behind us, vigorous young men are now going angrily about declaring: "They're going to steal the convention on us. If they do I am going to join a third party."

Probably the most astute political writer today in America is my friend William Hard, who although a bit of a radical, always writes with brains. Unlike my equally good friend, Mark Sullivan, he refuses to assimilate the pipe dreams that Washington offers as sole nutriment to those correspondents who write of American politics from that centre. Mr. Hard has offered a prize lock of Senator Shipstead's hair for the one who will suggest the main plank of the new Third Party. Mr. Hard's cleverness is so extreme that when he offers a lock of Senator Shipstead's hair he must be jesting,—no one, not even a correspondent of fifty or more papers, has a right to give away a Senator's hair. It is evident, however, that Mr. Hard regards the Third Party as inevitable.

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Various Eastern newspapers have called attention to the fact that there is no talk of a Third Party movement among the Democrats. While there is a rather stiff contention as to who will be the candidate for President, there is no talk of any one bolting. It is mainly on the Republican side that one hears the talk of the Third Party. As a matter of fact, the Third Party already exists within the ranks of the Republicans in Washington. Senator La Follette is the head of it in the Senate, and the ten Republican representatives from Wisconsin are the leaders in the House of Representatives. It is today better organized than the main body of which it is the offshoot, for in the Senate it has held its ground and prevented for weeks the organization of the Senate. If I were particularly anxious to have a lock of Senator Shipstead's hair, I would suggest that the main plank of the Third Party, which seems to be already in existence, is opposition to the national administration.

It is only as the drama proceeds and the campaign intensifies that we shall learn whether the bolt is going to be a serious and tragic affair, or simply a stiff family difference ending in a love feast. Some seventeen gentlemen who are keenly interested in maintaining pleasant relations within the Republican family will doubtless have much to do and considerable to say about whether the Republican Party splits up into two parties or continues as one. These gentlemen are the United States Senators who must be reelected at the polls next November. In some of the states in which Senators are reelected this fall, the Republican would in all probability win, even if there was a split in the party, but if the split in the party was at all serious, there would be enough Republican Senators defeated to turn the control of the Senate over to the Democrats. It is because of this fact that there is a general impression in Washington that before the Third Party movement gets fairly along, a group of earnest and unselfish patriots headed by Medill McCormick of Illinois, William E. Borah of Idaho, Arthur Capperof Kansas, Walter E. Edge of New Jersey, and Bert M. Fernold of Maine, will be found rushing forward to plead with the bolting members of the party not to leave the old homestead, and will express a willingness to offer any consolation prize. At the head of this unselfish band will be the Chairman of the Republican Senate Committee,

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Hon. George Higgins Moses, who can be a Tory when it is necessary and a Progressive when it is worth while,—New Hampshire's prize Peace Maker.

Senator Moses occupies in the present crisis in the Republican Party a curious position. He was one of the first to see that the Republican Party was drifting on the rocks. He was one of the first to realize the great personal popularity of Senator Johnson, and long before any other statesman in Washington had made a move he encouraged Senator Johnson to undertake a presidential campaign, and gave him every assurance of his support. After this had been done, Senator Moses was made Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Committee, and his is the responsibility of seeing that Republican Senators are elected next November.

When President Harding died and Mr. Coolidge succeeded him, Senator Moses, without consulting any of his associates, suddenly announced that he was working for a Coolidge delegation from New England. Although he has been quoted differently in the papers, he has always denied that he was ever against Senator Johnson. In fact, in private he has admitted that he has very little faith in President Coolidge's ability to be reelected if renominated. If he should assist genuinely in the nomination of President Coolidge, and President Coolidge should be defeated, there is very little doubt that Senator Moses himself would be defeated when he comes up for reelection in 1926. In fact, there is already a very definite movement in New Hampshire on the part of his many enemies to see that he is not reelected.

To exist politically, Senator Moses must have a Republican President to help him, not only to the nomination, but to continue the career that opened so auspiciously when he first went to the Senate. In the last three months Senator Moses has lost prestige not only in the Senate but throughout the country. He needs, as much as any man in politics today, a sensational comeback. He has little use personally for the progressives and for the radicals, but curiously enough he is an intimate and warm friend of Senator La Follette. We may therefore expect that at the proper time in the third, or fourth, or perhaps fifth act, when Senator Moses realizes that the movement for a Third

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Party is sincere, and that the intention to bolt if the Cleveland Convention is not honestly run, is no mere jest, he will rush to the centre of the stage, and tearing aside the false whiskers that have hitherto proved him to be a Tory of the Tories, and a villain of the villains, proclaim himself the long lost father of progressivism, and the only true and sincere friend of the radicals of the West.

A PARABLE

CALE YOUNG RICE

Tame on the dirty house-tops of Benares
Eagles perch,
And flap frowsily downward
To filch beakfuls of lard
From jars that weakling Brahma-worshippers carry.

And yet there are empty crags in the Himalayas
For strong talons to cling to,
For strong hearts to build wild rocky nests on:
Crags that face the eternal snows of Everest
And the prey-teeming valleys of Kinchinjunga:
Crags where the winds walk and talk with the stars.

Eagles, I say, perch on dirty housetops . . .
Thieving and scavenging!

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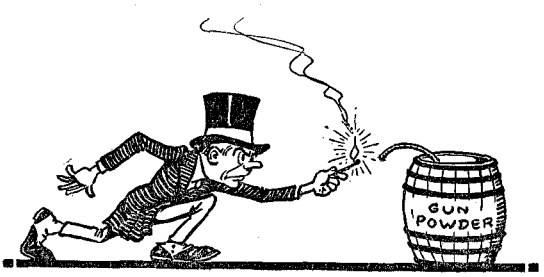
THE BOK AWARD

RONALD TREE

RENDING the air with a mighty wail, that portion of the Senate and the press known as "irreconcilable" is now turning the full blast of its scorn on the so-called Bok peace award. One well-known metropolitan newspaper announces that Bok should be arraigned for treason; another states that the idea is nothing but a League of Nations plot. There is something about these two words that seems strangely out of place in twentieth century America,—or is it that *we* are reverting to the days of gunpowder placed under the Capitol in Washington, or of men being beheaded for treason in Union Square? One thing is certain, it will take a great deal of gunpowder to move either the minds or the bodies of the Irreconcilables contained in that august House.

The truth is a simple one. Republican leaders do not want foreign policies to obtrude themselves on the arena just at present. They have made a *coup* in Mellon's tax reduction scheme,—a *coup* that cut the ground from under the Democratic feet. They wish to rest on their laurels, and now they are about to be disturbed by this new and highly irritating scheme which, in case of the referendum proving favorable, might prove a source of infinite trouble for them. For the rest, it must be pointed out that Mr. Bok is not only Republican but the son-in-law of a Republican newspaper owner, and that of the seven members of the Jury of Award, five are Republicans.



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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

The Peace Award

LETTERS are coming in regarding the Bok Peace Award which we are unfortunately unable to publish for lack of space. In a later issue we shall publish an article embodying an ingenious plan for the solution of international difficulties written by a foreigner who was ineligible to compete for the Bok prize.

Philippine Balance Sheet

In the January number we published a letter from Cecilia Farwell in which she accounted for the figures set forth in her article "The Philippines Next!" relating to the cost of maintaining the islands. After that issue had gone to press we received the following letter from a former Governor-General of the Philippines.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with great interest the article in your November number entitled "The Philippines Next!" on the first page of which is to be found the following extraordinary statement: "It has cost us over $700,000,000 to maintain our relationship with the islands. Not one dollar of return has ever come from this investment, or is ever to be expected. Each year additional appropriation is made by Congress." It seems to me astonishing that as responsible a publication as yours should allow so gross a misstatement of fact as this to obtain currency through the medium of your pages.

In the first place, it is a fact that does not seem to be generally known that the civil government of the Philippine Islands has been self-supporting from the very start of the American occupation. All the expenses incident to the civil administration of the Islands from the very beginning have been defrayed from revenues collected in the Islands. Congress made one appropriation for famine relief of $3,000,000. And the United States Government has paid a portion of the cost of the coast and geodetic survey of the Islands. As this service, however, was necessary as a military measure for our naval defense of the Islands, this cost can properly be placed with the figures of military cost. It is not a large item in any case.

The cost of the pacification of the Philippines up to June 30, 1902, is estimated by the War Department to have been $170,321,002.71. The Secretary of the Navy on May 23, 1902, in response to a Resolution of the Senate reported that "the total additional cost to the Navy, or excess in expenditure over the normal due to conditions in the Philippine Islands since May 1, 1898, will not exceed $7,000,000 to $8,000,000. This will, of course, be understood as purely an estimate, but it is believed to be approximately correct." Taking the maximum amount of the Secretary's estimate, the expenditures for the period were, therefore, $8,000,000. The sum of these two items comes to about $185,000,000 for the pacification of the Islands.

We have now to consider the cost of the Islands to us since pacification. In the special report of Mr. Taft when he was

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Secretary of War to President Roosevelt, submitted in 1908, we find on pages 77 and 78 the following:

"The most astounding and unfair statements have appeared in the press from time to time and have been uttered by men of political prominence who should know better, in respect to the cost to the United States of the Philippine Islands. The question of the cost of the islands to the United States as affecting its future policy can not of course include the cost of a war into which the United States was forced against its will, and which, whether it ought to have been carried on or not, was carried on and was finished more than five years ago. The only question of cost that is relevant to the present discussion is the cost to the United States of the maintenance of the present Philippine Government, including in that the cost of the maintenance of that part of the army of the United States which is in the Philippine Islands. Nor is it fair to include the entire cost of the army of the United States in the Philippine Islands for the reason that even if we did not have the Philippines, we should certainly retain the present size of our standing army which hardly exceeds 60,000 effective men, a very small army for 80,000,000 people. Moreover, it is worthy of note that the greatest increase in the army of recent years has been in that branch of the service—to wit, the coast artillery—which has not been used in the Philippines for some years.

"The only additional cost therefore that the maintenance of the army can be said to entail upon the United States is the additional cost of maintaining 12,000 soldiers in the islands over what it would be to maintain the same number of soldiers in the United States. This has been figured out and roughly stated amounts to about $250 a man or $3,000,000, together with the maintenance of 4,000 Philippine Scouts at a cost of $500 a man, or in all $2,000,000, which makes a total annual expenditure of $5,000,000. The United States at present contributes something, perhaps $200,000, to the expense of the coast survey of the islands. With this exception, there is not one cent expended from the treasury of the United States for the maintenance of the government in the islands. The additional cost of the 12,000 men in the islands, figured above at $250 a man, includes the cost of transportation and the additional cost of food supplies and other matters.

"There is an item of cost, which perhaps may be charged to the Philippine Islands. I refer to the expense of fortifying the bay of Manila, the port of Iloilo and the port of Cebu, so that in holding the islands the United States shall not be subject to sudden and capricious attack by any ambitious power. This may reach a total of ten millions. But it is hardly fair to charge this to the Philippine policy; for almost everyone concedes the necessity of maintaining and fortifying coaling stations in the Orient whether we have the Philippines or not."

The Secretary of War now, however, estimates that the military expenses including fortifications for the twenty-one years succeeding 1902 come to $199,000,000, or about $9,500,000 a year. The expenses of the Navy and Marine Corps in connection with the Philippine Islands for the same period total $46,000,000. From all this we get a grand total estimated to date by the War and Navy Departments of $431,000,000 for pacification, maintenance of our troops, and fortifications of the islands; divided, a little over forty per cent for pacification, and something less than sixty per cent for the fortification and maintenance of the islands. At this rate our military and naval establishment, including fortifications, is costing us something less than $12,000,000 a year.

The Philippine Government has made important public improvements, the cost of which has been defrayed from insular revenues. Other improvements have been made from the issue of bonds, but these are without guarantee by the United States Government and the interest and amortization charges are at the expense of insular revenues. Other powers owning colonies sometimes charge to the account of the colonies their proportion of the cost of the military and naval establishment. This would have borne too heavily upon the Philippine Islands in the earlier part of its development, but it has now reached a point where this could be done if it were deemed proper.

It is to be noted, however, that our

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army, according to our army and navy experts, is now held at or below the minimum strength required for national security; and the navy would undoubtedly have been held at the same size whether we had the Philippines or not. We needed and should undoubtedly have secured and fortified naval stations for bases in the Orient, and the value to us from a purely military point of view of having these stations in the Philippines justified their whole cost, so that from that point of view the islands have been an asset rather than a liability.

Let us look at it from a second point of view. The pacification and administration of the Philippine Islands has given training to a group of men who so proved themselves that when the time of great national stress arose, it was to these trained men that the United States turned for the leading positions in the Great War fought to save humanity and civilization. Out of several hundred men who achieved distinction to a greater or lesser degree a few of the more outstanding names will serve to prove the point.

General Pershing brought himself to notice by his whirlwind campaign in the pacification of Moroland. He served in all for nearly twelve years in the islands, during four of which he was the civil governor of the Moro Province, the scene of his earlier military activities. General J. G. Harbord, Chief of the Services of Supply, was detailed for over twelve years with the Philippines Constabulary. General Henry T. Allen, who succeeded General Pershing on the other side, and was a distinguished and brilliant corps commander in the war, organized the Philippines Constabulary and was its first general. General H. H. Bandholtz, Provost Marshal in France, who had the duty of policing the whole American establishment on the other side, served for twelve years with the Philippines Constabulary and was the general in command for many of them. General Dennis E. Nolan, Chief of the Intelligence Department, was an officer who served with the Philippines Constabulary. General Leonard Wood, who had previous training and came to public notice by his work in Cuba, the apostle of preparedness, was four years governor of the Moro Province in the Philippines and served out there for several years more. General Tasker H. Bliss, who represented the United States in the conferences of allies, saw service in the civil government of Cuba and was governor of the Moro Province in the Philippines. General Robert L. Bullard who commanded the Second Army, also saw Philippine service.

The war was costing the United States over fifty million dollars a day, and if the combined efforts of these trained men shortened the war even a week, it is easy to see that from this method of calculation alone the Philippine Islands have repaid every dollar the United States ever sent out there. In view of these well known facts it is difficult to read with patience the statement that not one dollar of return has ever come from this investment.

But we can now turn to another aspect. Beginning with a gross trade of something less than $5,000,000 in 1899, the Philippine Islands have developed a gross trade of something like $112,000,000 a year in 1922, reaching its culminating point in 1920 when the gross trade reached nearly $200,000,000. Moreover the development of the islands has only just begun. Capital has not flowed into the islands in sufficient quantities to make more than a beginning in developing their productivity, and with the improvement in production that will inevitably follow the employment of American initiative, methods, and capital, the islands can easily double in population and multiply many fold their output of tropical products needed here. Even under present conditions, however, the gross trade,—that is, the sum of exports and imports,—between the United States and the Philippines from 1899 to 1922 inclusive exceeds the princely sum of $1,250,000,000. And yet we are seriously told that not one dollar of return has come to the United States, nor is to be expected, from our investment in the islands.

W. Cameron Forbes.

Boston, Mass.

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The Outlawry of War

A Symposium

Quoting and summarizing scores of opinions expressed in letters to the Editor with relation to the question debated in the January issue of The Forum.

Half a decade of peace finds the peoples of the world fully aware, for perhaps the first time in history, of the precarious thread from which their tranquillity and security is suspended; and perhaps for the first time in the experience of the nations, the minds of statesmen, sociologists, educators, philosophers, poets, and even captains of industry are engaged seriously in a research into the origins of international conflicts, and in a sincere effort to ward off future cataclysms.

The catch-words with which the campaigns for the League of Nations and the World Court are being waged, reflecting the intensity with which national thought is focussed on these problems,—have resounded from coast to coast in the publicity accorded to the Bok Peace Award. Among them, "outlawry of war" keeps cropping up. The vigor of the response to our January debate, in which Salmon Oliver Levinson and Jesse Siddall Reeves presented opposing views upon the feasibility of a plan for outlawing war, further emphasizes the fascination which the general question of peace and war exercises over the public imagination today.

The comments range from the most abrupt dismissal of the proposal to a number of ingenious, suggestive, and plausible alternatives or attacks; yet underlying almost every communication is a transparent anxiety, an impatience with the old hit-or-miss methods of adjusting international disagreements that cannot fail, soon or late, to bring about one of the greatest reforms in the history of mankind.

Out-and-Out Optimists

The majority of the letters received by the Editor, while approving of the sincerity and idealism of the Outlawry of War group, express grave doubts as to the possibility of getting rid of warfare through legislation, unless the law making it a crime to resort to arms is enforced by a strong international police. Out-and-out optimists there are, however, who endorse the program without reservations. One of these is the Rev. Alvah S. Hobart, of Yonkers, who says, "We shall need to do as we did in the case of slavery and of duelling and of the rum traffic: namely, set the standard. The only way to get things done is to go at them in faith."

Dr. Paul H. Hanus, Emeritus Professor of History at Harvard, is also decidedly in favor of Mr. Levinson's plan in the absence of something better. The Rev. W. H. Bartholemew, member of the State Board of Education of Kentucky, finds the argument sane and reasonable; and Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, the distinguished composer, writing from Boston, says: "It cannot be hoped that a good law, especially one so revolutionary as to stigmatize war as a crime, could be immediately effective; but such a law should be looked upon as a first step toward the realization of an idea which it is incumbent on us to realize if civilization is not to shut up shop altogether. We have laws prohibiting murder and theft. These laws are not always kept,—are often broken in fact. Still, I think that the security and moral condition of society is better than it would be without these laws. So with a law outlawing war."

Major-General W. G. Haan, Corps Commander and head of the War Plan Staff of the United States Army during the war, a firm believer in the World Court, submits a statement which brings him into sympathy with the proposal. "Secure general agreement on rules of right conduct between nations upon which the great peace-loving public can base its judgment," is, in his opinion, the remedy. "The world will not accept such rules from the lips of any individual. They must grow from just decisions based on law and fact and correct principles, and from a body of men in the justice of whose opinions the people will have confidence."

Among others who regard the proposal

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with sympathy, *faute de mieux*, are Professor Herbert W. Magoun, scholar and lecturer of Cambridge, Mass., and Joseph H. Defrees, Vice-President of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Rousing Public Opinion

Many who feel that the proposal, as enunciated, is a visionary one, express the belief that this sort of agitation can give useful direction to uncharted streams of thought. Professor Franklin V. A. Painter of Roanoke College, sums up this group when he says that although the plan "appears to be a beautiful dream," yet "the decisions of an international court would give shape and support to public sentiment throughout the world." More positive is a letter from Dr. John T. Doyle, Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, who writes from Washington, "I would suggest that the use of such a phrase would be effective in branding war in public opinion, and in arousing that opinion against war. The decisions of an international court, backed by civilized opinion, would be irresistible."

His stand is further emphasized by a typical remark from Dr. Frederick Lent, President of Elmira College: "The creation of public opinion, with an organization which can bring it to focus on specific instances when war is threatened, is in my opinion the quickest and surest way to lessen wars." This motivating power of public opinion, when intelligently aroused, is also upheld by Dr. Henry W. Elson, the historian, of Plainfield, N. J., who asserts, "This power need not and should not be military. The organized public opinion of the world is amply sufficient. The League of Nations is still the most effective agent for this purpose that mankind has ever devised."

"In an international alliance of the intelligent to promulgate real education, to thwart commercialistic schemes of conquest, lies the only hope," thinks Dr. William Johnston, one of the editors of "The New York World."

Among others whose opinions fall into this category are Dr. William O. Stillman, President of The American Humane Association, Albany; and prominent educators such as Professor Frank Wilson Blackmar, of the University of Kansas; Professor Leslie D. Zeleny, of the Minnesota State Teachers College; Professor Jasper Converse Barnes, Dean of Maryville College, Tennessee; and Professor Oscar Chrisman, head of the Department of Paidology, Ohio University. Their point of view is pithily summed up by Victor S. Holm, sculptor and director of the Saint Louis School of Fine Arts, who says, "If all men in the world were of Mr. Levinson's intelligence and idealism, then his plan would be feasible, though superfluous."

War's Effect on Race

An interesting, if perhaps irrelevant angle is suggested in a communication from Professor Robert K. Nabours, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, whose attitude is extraordinarily detached. "Dr. David Starr Jordan, and many others," he writes, "are attempting to show the bad biological effects of war on the human race. They are far from having proved their case. Professor Gini of Italy, and others, appear to some of us to have marshalled far better arguments in favor of the good biological effects on the human race of war."

Another thought-provoking twist is given to the discussion by Mr. Richard D. Kathrens, of Kansas City, author of *The Futility and Waste of War*, who protests that the plan is timid and inadequate. "To attempt to proscribe or prohibit war, while at the same time we countenance the conditions, foster the institutions, and abet the circumstances that excite, provoke, and lead to war," he says, "is the veriest assininity. To declare 'resort to arms a crime against civilization,' while we continue the manufacture of arms and glorify every arch fiend who contrives some more infernal engine of destruction brings into question our much overboasted culture. It amounts to a system of symptom treating unworthy of a people of vision and understanding. Why not prohibit the use of arms, and outlaw the maker of a gun?"

International Police

In sharp contrast to this is the flood of letters in which some sort of armed police force is advocated. Stating the case for a wide cross-section of opinion, Mr. J. Warren Keifer, President of the Lagonda National Bank of Springfield, Ohio, and a

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Brigadier-General during the Civil War, contends that "the ordinary court of justice and the administration of government would prove futile and ineffective unless enforced by an adequate military power. Anarchy would soon prevail." Dr. John Spencer Bassett, of Northampton, Mass., Secretary of the American Historical Association,—of which Woodrow Wilson is Vice-President,—articulates this point of view in an admirably succinct letter from which we can give only a brief extract: "We shall not make any progress until we learn and agree that to have peace we must be willing to pay the price. To have peace we must give up a portion or (a) our control of foreign affairs. The parts must merge enough to abide by the judgment of the whole; (b) we must also sacrifice to the extent of furnishing our part of the force that is going to make the will of the whole prevail. We must be willing to sustain a military force strong enough to execute judgment; (c) we must know more about one another internationally than we now know."

This opinion,—that the plan will be ineffective without police power behind it,—seems to be shared in some measure by Dr. H. M. Kallen, the eminent psychologist, who feels, however, that we cannot too greatly multiply the devices by which wars may be reduced and mitigated; also by Professor Leonard Bloomfield of the University of Ohio, who says that "word-patterns, execrating war and allied forms of cruelty, have been part of our communal habit for many centuries, without material effect;" by Professor Carl Holliday, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences in the University of Toledo; the Rev. George W. Lay, of Beaufort, North Carolina; Dr. Carl Hering, Consulting Electrical Engineer of Philadelphia; The Rev. John Tallmadge Bergen, of Minneapolis; and Mr. C. S. Longacre, Editor of "Liberty Magazine" and General International Secretary of the Religious Liberty Association, Washington.

Conference Methods Best

Congressman John Jacob Rogers, a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and a war veteran, writes, "We cannot legislate war out of existence. The conference method . . . is as far as the United States is prepared to go." Endorsement of this stand is implied by Mr. Joseph D. Redding, lawyer, playwright, and composer, of San Francisco, who believes that "for practical purposes and for the discouragement of war, Great Britain and the United States are in a position to dictate at least to Europe the future line of conduct. If they do not repeat the history of Rome, they can control the destinies of the Caucasian race."

Letters from adherents of the League of Nations contribute pungent criticism both from a general and a partisan point of view. Mr. Hamilton Holt, editor, lecturer, and Chairman of the Finance Committee of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, issues a challenge on behalf of the League as follows: "If you outlaw war, you must make it a crime, and if it is a crime there must be appropriate punishments. To do this would require some sort of League of Nations with a potential army and navy behind it. So if the advocates of the outlawry of war are sincere, they ought to join the League." Among others who disapprove of scrapping the League are Professor F. H. Hodder of the University of Kansas, and Mr. Charles H. Davis, the artist, of Mystic, Conn.

"The rejection by the Council of the League of Nations, of the Constitution of the World Court proposed by Senator Root and his colleagues on the commission," remarks Professor John Morris of the University of Georgia, "could mean nothing else than that the great powers do not wish to outlaw war, but on the contrary are unwilling to accept compulsory jurisdiction over controversies. We are still in a position to exert pressure as a member of the League of Nations."

The History of a Phrase

From Dr. Benjamin McKee Gemmill, Stated Clerk of the Synod of Pennsylvania, comes an indictment of "outlawry of war" as a phrase with a past indiscriminate, to say the least, in its liaisons with many movements and careers.

"The phrase 'outlawry of war' was originally used by Mr. Roosevelt against 'outlaw' nations; then Mr. Taft in his League to Enforce Peace adopted the suggestion. In 1916 President Wilson was taken with the idea that an attack against a nation was an attack on all civilized nations, and should be repelled

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by a united enforcement of peace. It was this idea that Mr. Levinson, a Chicago lawyer, took up and then launched his proposal to outlaw war. When the World War came, nothing more was heard of the outlawry of war until Senator Knox took up the idea and used it against the League of Nations. Then Mr. Borah took it up in order to defeat the Permanent Court of International Justice. The political history of the phrase is a record of irreconcilability. Mr. Borah's plan or Mr. Levinson's is used for the purpose of defeating any court. They rely upon this slogan,—'the outlawry of war,'—in order to arouse public indignation against war and to legalize pacificism. It will be very difficult for nations to agree upon a code of laws and difficult to determine what are 'purely international controversies.' Their plan would require a world legislature which does not appear to be practicable at the present. The amount of war that Mr. Levinson's plan would outlaw will not be noticeable."

A Pious Wish?

A great deal of entertaining reading is afforded by the skeptics and the cynics. "The discussion is futile. It does not deserve the attention of busy men," says Vice-Admiral W. R. Shoemaker; and Dr. Allard Memminger, of Charleston, South Carolina, who saw service with the Volunteer Medical Service Corps, believes that we should always be prepared for the worst, in view of the fact that mankind seems determined to act on the ungolden rule, "Be selfish and unkind one to another, and do unto others that which you would not have others do to you."

In less caustic vein, but still profoundly skeptical, Dr. George W. Douglas, Literary Editor of the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger," says he has never "been able to contemplate with any degree of patience a proposition that war can be outlawed by any statement written on a piece of paper. Calvin Coolidge in his address on assuming the Presidency of the Massachusetts Senate stated the case more compactly than I have seen it stated elsewhere, when he said: 'We do not make laws, we do but discover them.' War will be ended when the nations of the world are ready to end it, and the regulations which they adopt will be merely the formulation of principles on which they have previously agreed. It would be superficial to regard those regulations as effective in ending war. . . . A declaration today that the resort to arms is a crime against civilization would be no more than the expression of a pious wish. Discussion of its importance is one of those futilities that appeal only to persons who are unable to comprehend the realities that rule the world."

With Dr. Douglas stands Dr. Lewellys F. Barker of Johns Hopkins University, who awaits the time when "international collectivity has undergone an evolution far beyond its present state." "We may some time discover," he adds, "the moral equivalents of war, in the sense of the late William James; but the discovery will probably be preceded by slow alterations in the consciousness of nations by a gradual evolution of new historical forms of life."

A rather gloomy corollary to these remarks is added by Colonel Frank Parker, Commandant of the Army War College, Washington. "There are many students of these matters," he states, "who have got fully as far on the road to their solution as has Mr. Levinson, but like his their road led to the impasse of the present impossibility of creating an international organ of execution for an international organ of law." A similar opinion is voiced by Dr. John Ritchie, President of the Boston Scientific Society, who concludes that "while man is man, war will continue. The survival of the fittest, which operates through war, is absolute."

Necessary Wars

Major-General William Harding Carter sees no alternative to war in the case of peoples who are not contented to bear the yoke of a distasteful government. "Any plan which will outlaw a people who resort to war to gain their independence should not commend itself to fair-minded men," he adds. "The only way they could secure attention otherwise would be to summon their oppressors to appear before the international court, and, in case of refusal, to have an international writ of habeas corpus issued. This is too absurd to be discussed."

Others who believe that war is sometimes a moral necessity are the Rev. W. F.

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Richardson, of Hollywood, California; Dr. Otto Mees, President of Capital University, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. William Nelson Page, Civil and Mining Engineer, of Washington; and Dr. Charles A. Perkins, Professor of Electrical Engineering in the University of Tennessee.

As a final expression of the pessimistic attitude, the following is quoted from a letter from Mr. John Alden, an editorial writer on "The Brooklyn Daily Eagle," who, taking precaution not to saddle his paper with responsibility for his personal opinion, writes: "I am one of those 'ninth generation Plymouth Rock fellows' who are often misrepresented as reactionaries. Pessimists I suppose most of us are. I haven't any notion that a Bok prize, if it were ten times $100,000, would buy a single really new idea about established permanent peace among nations.

"A pact to outlaw war couldn't possibly have more sanctity than any treaty of the past. It might in some cases substitute chicanery for force. Any court to pass on questions at issue between nations would be controlled by the strong ones. Their good faith in dealing with weaker powers is not merely doubtful. It is negatived by a hundred illustrations to be picked from history. The Irish still remember Limerick. The Danes remember Slesvig-Holstein. The Turks remember Cyprus. The Belgians remember a German invasion. The San Domingans and Haitians remember our flouting of their sovereignty and their self-determination, as do the Nicaraguans. The Mexicans remember the taking of Vera Cruz and the land expedition of Pershing without even a declaration of war. The Colombians remember Panama. That the stronger powers prefer chicanery to force, no sane person will deny; provided the end is the same.

"While nations exist, the weak ones will be swindled in arbitration or crushed in war. Because war is the graver alternative even for the strong there is less of swindling under present conditions, less subterfuge, more candor. (Why jump out of the frying pan into the fire?) Also while social and industrial and economic injustices continue, armed efforts to reform old nations or to create new ones within their former borders are inevitable. I would not have it otherwise. Would Mr. Levinson? Educate the human conscience everywhere to put the Higher Law above nationalism, above 'patriotism;' convert the workingman to Tolstoyan ideals; root out the abuses that justify rebellions, and the world will live in peace."

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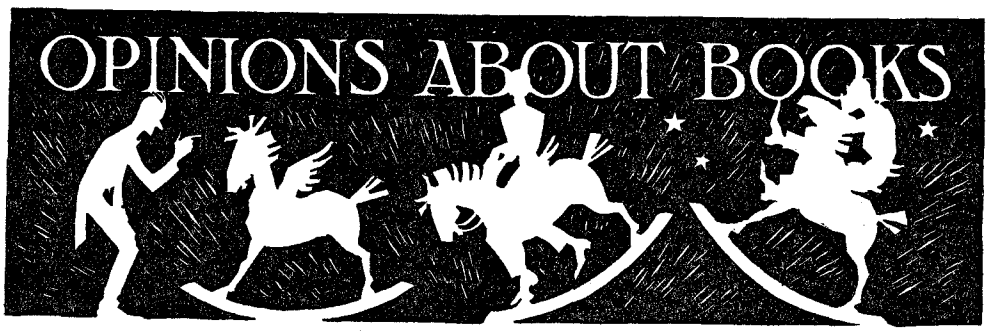

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher.*

A General's Diary

"The world is dreadfully upset," confided General Allen to his diary in July, 1919. (MY RHINELAND JOURNAL, Maj.-Gen. Henry T. Allen. Houghton Mifflin. $6.00.) And a reading of this straightforward and engagingly indiscreet chronicle of his contacts with the Allies, with his superiors at home, and with our American representatives abroad from June of that year to the day the American forces left Germany, confirms his naïve dictum. Thin ice all the way, the General found it, with constant demands upon his utmost resources of diplomacy. Even before he succeeded Pierrepont Noyes, whose blunt indiscretions he deplored, as American observer on the Inter-Allied High Commission, he found himself involved in the delicate task of opposing French demands for "compromises," and of yet keeping intact the good will of his Gallic confrères. In this as in the larger tasks he succeeded admirably, and the narrative of his four years' fencing-match reveals what a high order of tact was called for.

For some months after General Allen assumed command we were technically at war with Germany. The State Department gave him practically no orders or advice, receiving his reports in cryptic silence. And his dual post as head of one army of occupation (of which a French General was the High Commander) and as observer on the Rhineland Commission, brought about many a knotty problem. As Oscar Crosby summed it up in a bread-and-butter letter: "Your legal situation offers the same charm that is found in any well-constructed Chinese puzzle!"

The diary is invaluable as a source book of history — exciting history — in the making. Every aspect of the controversy that has raged over the occupation of the Ruhr and the Rhineland is here set down and commented upon with illuminating and intimate detail,—the black troops, the attempts of the French to foster the Separatist movement, their need for security. General Allen's position was anything but enviable. In upholding what he had outlined as a "square deal policy," he found himself more than once called upon for explanations by our Ambassador at Paris, Mr. Herrick, who on one occasion made the "astonishing" suggestion that the American forces should not be friendly to Germany and should indeed discriminate in favor of the Entente. "I have answered him," notes Allen, "contending that righteousness, respect for our obligation and a square deal and the encouragement of peace and trade should direct our acts."

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Colonel Harvey too flits through the pages, with a host of other notables, now hesitating as to whether to allow the General to testify before the Supreme Council, now terribly upset because of tardiness of the British to invite General Pershing to decorate the grave of the "Unknown Soldier" and finally "burning the wires to Washington" to prevent the complete withdrawal of our troops. General Allen, it may be said, reveals no incurable enthusiasm for our American plenipotentiaries. "It is a great misfortune," he remarks impersonally, "that we do not attach more importance in the selection of our representation abroad to special fitness for the mission."

Whatever the difficulties were, however, —and they were great,—they were met without sacrificing either his principles or his warm friendships with the Allies. It would be an American of curiously twisted mind who could lay aside this book without a feeling of reassurance and of pride in the record, and in the all-too-rare type of American spirit revealed on every page.

CHRISTINA MERRIMAN.

New York City.

Strenuous Americans

Seven famous Americans,—Jesse James, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, Frances Willard, James J. Hill, P. T. Barnum, Mark Hanna, William McKinley,—are explored in Roy F. Dibble's book (Boni and Liveright, $3.00). He calls them STRENUOUS AMERICANS, and that most accurately describes both them and their biographer. Since he has so frankly used Lytton Strachey for his model it is inevitable that Mr. Dibble should hear his essays spoken of in comparison with *Eminent Victorians*. By the comparison he does not suffer as much as one might have supposed anyone competing with that rare book would suffer. He lacks Mr. Strachey's subtlety, his brilliant indirection, his delicate attack and stiletto-like demolishment of his object. Mr. Dibble is unaware of the existence of the stiletto. He slashes about with a broad-sword or a meat axe; but he rarely misses, and for that one can be thankful.

Admiral Dewey is the most successful essay in the book; it is a masterly drawing of the weak, blustering, ambitious, hearty, and conniving man who destroyed the Spanish "fleet," put the Filipino "army" to rout, laid "siege" to Manila, and added to the glory and territory of his country and to his own fame. The whole unhappy story is there; surely the darkest page in the foreign relations of the United States: powerless Spain, the defenseless Philippines, a hypocritical and chauvinistic President, a great nation,—the irresistible force meeting the pitifully movable body, and the noble Admiral ready and willing to bear off the spoils. Mr. Dibble has not spared Dewey or his countrymen; the truth cannot but be beneficial to the latter.

Of Frances Willard he has written with some insight and much delightful language; her portrait is not unworthy to be set alongside Mr. Strachey's Florence Nightingale. Indeed, it is language which is at once Mr. Dibble's blessing and his betrayer. He has apparently an unquenchable fount of it; he should learn when to turn off the spigot, and he should learn, too, when scandal is merely smutty and unnecessary, and when it really adds to the interpretation of character. One or two of the essays, notably the one on Hill, might well have been omitted; they are too sketchy to add much to the book. Yet on the whole the book is admirable; its quality can be measured by the relative unimportance of the things one finds to complain of in it.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

New York City.

Stephen Crane

Of late it has been apparent that somebody must soon "do the life" of Stephen Crane. Thomas Beer's recently published volume (STEPHEN CRANE, A STUDY IN AMERICAN LETTERS, Knopf, $2.00) is of more satisfying proportions than Thomas L. Raymond's miniature biography of the same author, and will be of material assistance to the future compiler of a still more comprehensive work. Many pitfalls surround the biographer of this short-lived genius, but Mr. Beer has eluded them neatly. A sentimental volume on Crane would be intolerable; a cynical sketch only a shade less dreadful. A reproachful tone would blast the narrative; pathological analysis, however tempting, would be

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barren. More enticing than any of these was the siren call of sensationalism, but to it the biographer wisely closed his ears. Not even by the emphatic denial of lurid falsehoods has he preserved their memory.

The book that has emerged from these dangers is a straightforward, almost blunt account of a man who himself hated sham. The presentation is graphic, sometimes cinematographic,—rapid action, close-ups, abrupt transitions, scenes chopped short, glimpses. As an interpreter Mr. Beer is sympathetic but chilly. One may say of him, as he says of Crane, that he lacks "that profound and diffused sentimentalism that turns an individual reaction into a universal woe," and that "the quality of his nature" forbids "outcries after an event." The book, too, is confessedly "the demolition of a romantic myth." Yet his account is vividly appealing. The pictures he creates,—of the baby "who took cold with regularity"; of the boy who had a passion for red hues, baseball, and polysyllables; of the youth who haunted the dives of the Bowery but nurtured an ideal love; of the enthusiast who unrelentingly pursued the romance of reality in Texas, Mexico, and Greece; of the war correspondent who "went about the business of risking a wound with extraordinary and scientific zeal"; of the author whose "chromatic talk" surrounded him with superficial admirers; of the dying man who lay at Badenweiler stroking his dog,—are none the less poignant because they are stark of comment. Crane himself would probably have written a biography in much the same fashion. Resemblance between author and subject extends even to style. Such paired sentences as, "He lay on a rug aft and was fed casually on stewed tomatoes. Cuba vanished from him in an opalescent languor . . .", show that curious juxtaposition of commonplace and "chromatic" so marked in *The Red Badge of Courage*.

There will have to be another book on Crane, a more critical, a more categorical, a more definitive treatment, adorned perhaps with the paraphernalia of scholarship; but it is improbable that this authoritative work will be written by so appropriate or congenial an interpreter as Mr. Beer,—unless, to be sure, Joseph Conrad, who contributes a fascinating introduction to the present volume, might be persuaded to turn biographer.

CLINTON MINDIL.

New York City.

Lady Paget's Memoirs

We have here a book which is sure to please the many, and to disgust a few. (EMBASSIES OF OTHER DAYS, by Walburga, Lady Paget. Doran, 2 Vols., $12.00.) Agreeably written, it is an admirable example of what the Russians express by the word *Poustoy*, which means empty. There is absolutely nothing in it which we don't know, if we except perhaps the numerous descriptions of the dresses worn by the author and the people she met on various occasions. The soul of Worth, the one great inimitable Worth, who founded the dynasty of that name will surely have rejoiced in Heaven to find that there exists at least one person on earth grateful to him for the lovely garments he made for her. But some of the people mentioned in these Recollections of a brilliant life, won't perhaps have as many reasons as the famous man milliner of Eugénie's times, to bless the faultless memory of Lady Paget, among others the late Empress Frederick, who considering the great affection which she had for her could have expected to be spoken of in kinder tones than those used in the appreciation of her person and character. To be sure there were family reasons to which Lady Paget alludes here and there, that might have embittered her in regard to Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, but surely they ought not to have interfered with her appreciation of a woman who, whatever may have been her faults, was infinitely superior to most of her contemporaries.

I have said that there is nothing we did not know before in these Memoirs, but still we find one small detail in them, which is extremely characteristic, and which confirms a fact known to very few until now. On March 8, 1888, the old Kaiser was dying, and the Archduke Rudolph of Austria received a telegram from the then Prince William of Prussia, telling him his grandfather had passed away. It proved a false alarm, because the Emperor only expired the next morn-

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ing, and what had been taken for death was only a prolonged fainting fit. But his grandson, who found himself one step nearer to the Throne by the demise of the aged man, took that demise evidently for granted before it had occurred. For whoever has followed the career of the exile of Doorn with attention, the above incident is very significant.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

An Irreproachable American

On the continent, apologists for America are continually protesting that so-and-so is "not a representative American, you know, but simply an impossible tourist type." Casting about in their minds for the name of some one to whom they may point with pride and say, "Now *there* is what I mean by a really representative American," they are often embarrassed, for it is not easy to find an American who will meet *all* the requirements of a well-bred English or French critic. Yet there have been a few such, and the mere fact that they do meet all the requirements that are taken for granted in communities more standardized, socially speaking, than our sprawling United States, gives them a special rôle in public life denied to many men of greater ability.

The late Robert Bacon is the best example one can think of. He was handsome in appearance and handsome in deeds. The most popular man in his class at Harvard,—a class which included his lifelong friend Theodore Roosevelt,—an all round athlete and a student who never made a low mark, the young man, on leaving college, went through all the motions appropriate to one of his good Bostonian heritage. He made the *tour du monde* and wrote affectionate, sensible letters home from each new country visited, — letters charming and well-balanced, like himself, and equally devoid of originality. At twenty-one he had the conventional doubts and wonderment as to his future. At twenty-three a post was found for him in the financial environment of the Lees and Higginsons, and at the age of thirty-four his "charm of manner and skill in negotiation" earned him an offer of partnership in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company.

Withdrawing from the firm in 1903, Mr. Bacon began a career of public usefulness which was almost monotonously meritorious. As Assistant Secretary of State, Secretary of State, Ambassador to France, as a pioneer for preparedness for the war with Germany, and later as liaison officer and companion of Field Marshall Sir Douglas Haig in France, Mr. Bacon never made a gesture, a remark, nor a smile that was maladroit. With it all he was quietly industrious and zealous, and probably no man has ever impressed so many important people with his personal charm and made so many "right" friends. In the admirable LIFE AND LETTERS (Doubleday, Page, $5.00) just published, James Brown Scott, one of Mr. Bacon's devoted friends, has compiled a quite extraordinary collection of tributes, and throughout the letters and the biographical paragraphs there is no hint of a single enmity.

With all these manly graces went a modesty and balance that can only be thought of as phenomenal. Mr. Bacon was a model husband, father, and grandfather just as he was a model banker diplomat, and soldier. If only he had had one serious fault, he might have been a great man. As it is, he was a splendid specimen of a rare variety: the American *sans peur et sans reproche*. That in itself constitutes originality of a sort, and on that account it is meet and fitting that Dr. Scott should have provided him with a literary monument that any library shelf will be the better for.

FREDERICK C. HUNTER.

Worcester, Mass.

Disinterred Cæsars!

Books on personal enthusiasms are often fascinating, sometimes less for their intrinsic value than the manner of the enthusiast's defense. I thought of this when I picked up BURIED CAESARS (Covici-McGee Co., Chicago, $2.50), a book of "Literary Appreciations," anticipating something interesting and wondering whether this interest would lie in the subjects chosen by Vincent Starrett for his articles, or in the charm with which his enthusiasms might invest them. It turned out to be both.

Many of the writers esteemed by Mr. Starrett have suffered neglect at the hands of the public, famous for its erratic choice

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of idols, and he has therefore come forward with commendable loyalty and a brave pen to see (after Jurgen, though in another sense) that justice be done! Justice is nobly done. Some of us might be inclined to say, overdone had not the author disarmed us by calling his papers appreciations. The most convincing of the articles are those on Machen, Cabell, and Ambrose Bierce, which are well and sympathetically written, with a good deal of understanding and insight; but it is equally delightful to discover a handful of little known writers who (we are assured by Mr. Starrett) have written one or more excellent if not immortal books,—Haldane MacFall, Arthur Cosslett Smith, W. C. Morrow,—and to learn some illuminating facts about the life of Anne Sewell, author of *Black Beauty*, the famous horse story.

There is no real attempt at criticism in these articles. They are, rather, sincere, intelligent interpretations of books that have pleased Mr. Starrett and, in many instances, valuable information about their authors. The style is uneven, ranging as it does from journalese to fine English, but it is always lucid and only occasionally irritating.

All in all, *Buried Caesars* is a comfortable, sincere, likable book that anyone with bookish inclinations might approach with sympathy and re-read with pleasure.

ELSA GIDLOW.

New York City.

Combatting Old Age

Most of us have gleaned whatever impressions we may have about rejuvenation from misleading newspaper accounts and novels which consciously or unconsciously travesty the whole subject. These impressions are corrected in a well-written and informative book by a great scientist who has been in close touch with Eugen Steinach. (REJUVENATION, AND THE PROLONGATION OF HUMAN EFFICIENCY. Paul Kammerer, Boni & Liveright, $2.00.)

An argument frequently advanced by skeptics is that rejuvenation is unnatural, that nature should not be tampered with. In remarkably clear expository style, Dr. Kammerer dispels such contentions. "If there is any truth in this argument," he says, "then humanity would once and for all have to renounce the use of such everyday necessities as toothpaste and mouthwash solutions. We should have to take down the lightning rods from the roofs, because these things are intended to deflect the detrimental manifestations of nature."

He goes on to show that the process of temporarily replacing generative tissue by interstitial tissue in aging or debilitated persons is merely an artificial application of the principle that automatically operates in those who have not suffered a lapse of youthful energy. He presents facts and photographs relating to actual experiments which seem to be conclusive.

ARNOLD G. WATERS.

New York City.

Why Are We?

In these days of tabloid, one-syllable Natural Science, it is refreshing indeed to find one with sufficient knowledge of his subject to realize the inadequacy of such methods. John M. Tyler in his THE COMING OF MAN (Marshall Jones, Boston, $2.00) has produced a work which is scientifically correct, yet which is not thereby rendered in any way unintelligible to the average reader. Contrary to all precedent he has not accorded his own specialty undue attention (How could he? It, or they, are worms, we believe!), but converses rationally on the interrelated sciences of biology, paleontology, and evolution with a clearness and balance that in another would be astounding. He presents an intelligible review of evolutionary history, of man's intellectual development, and, like a true philosopher, of the significance of man in his present state.

This would seem an ambitious undertaking, but in reality the work is only a syllabus (there are only 135 pages), which is providentially supplemented by an inspired bibliography. The true gold of the volume is to be found in the last chapter in which the biologist-turned-philosopher, unrestricted to the confines of his science, expounds one of the finest, soundest doctrines of life imaginable. Verily, if the application of the principles of evolution arrive at such conclusions, let us have more of evolution!

MARTIN R. EVERETT, JR.

Princeton, N. J.

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FANNIE HURST

Whose new short story appears in this issue

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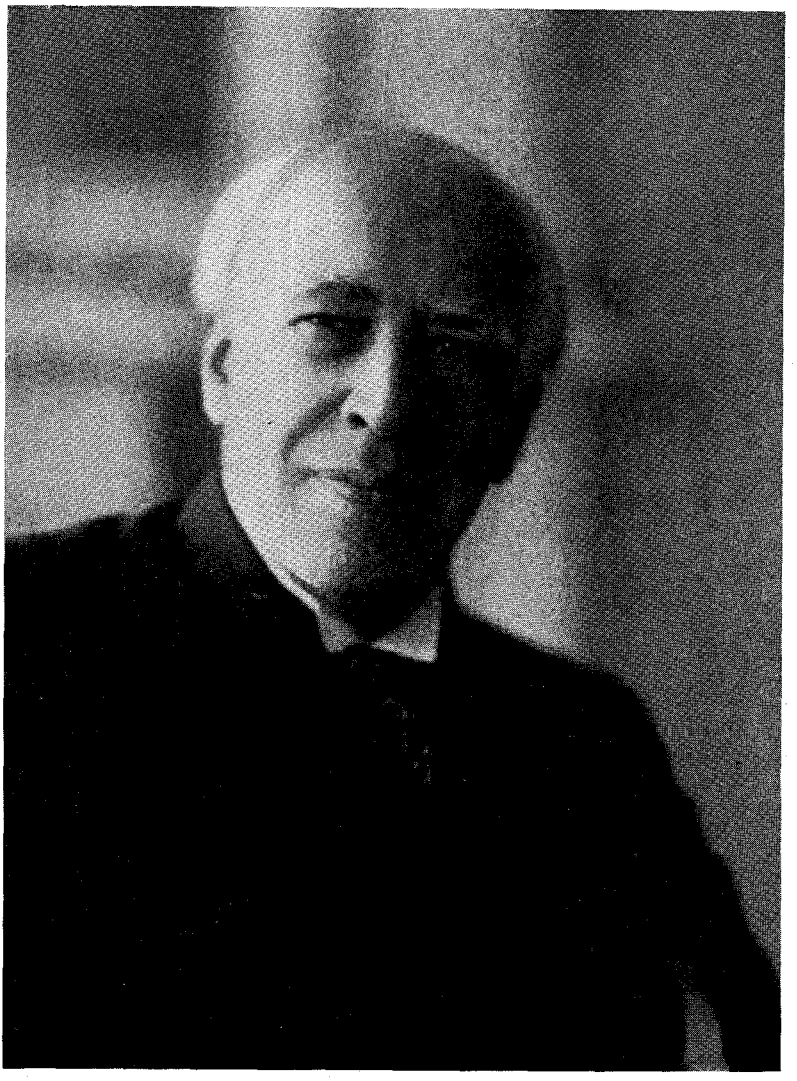

CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY

Chief Stage Director of the Moscow Art Theatre, who contributes to this issue the second of four autobiographical essays

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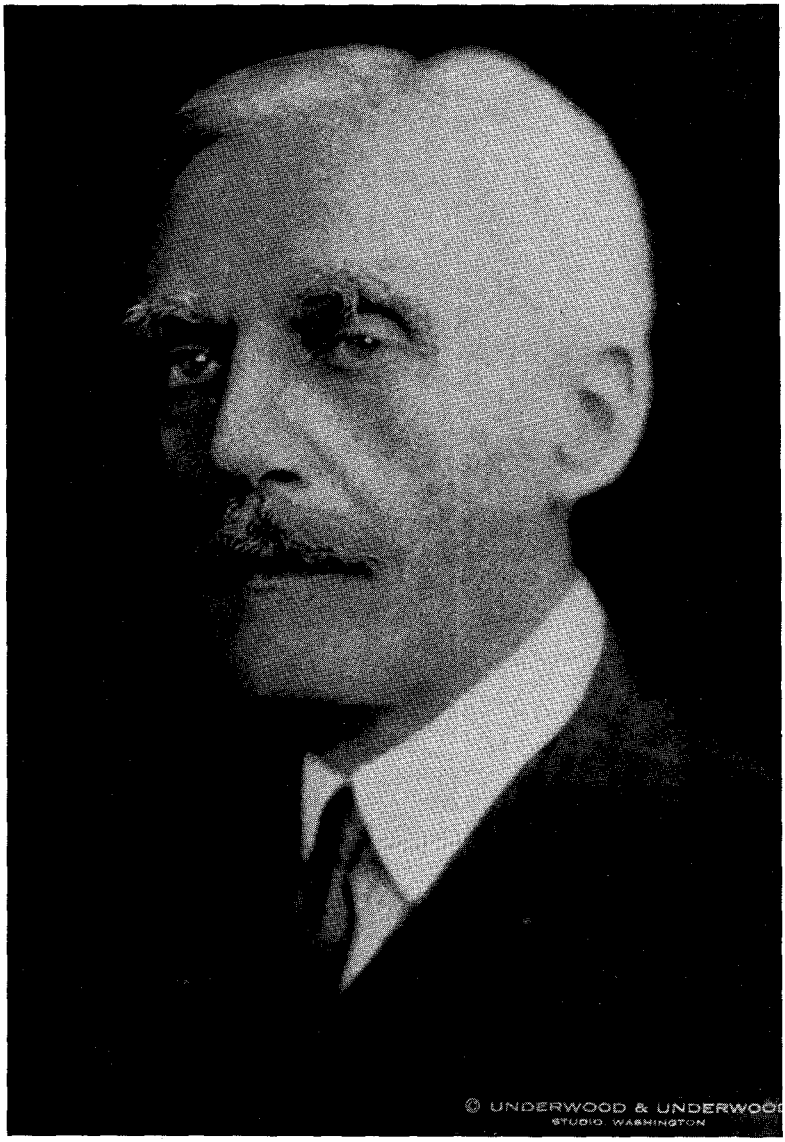

ANDREW WILLIAM MELLON

Secretary of the United States Treasury whose article on taxation appears in this issue of THE FORUM

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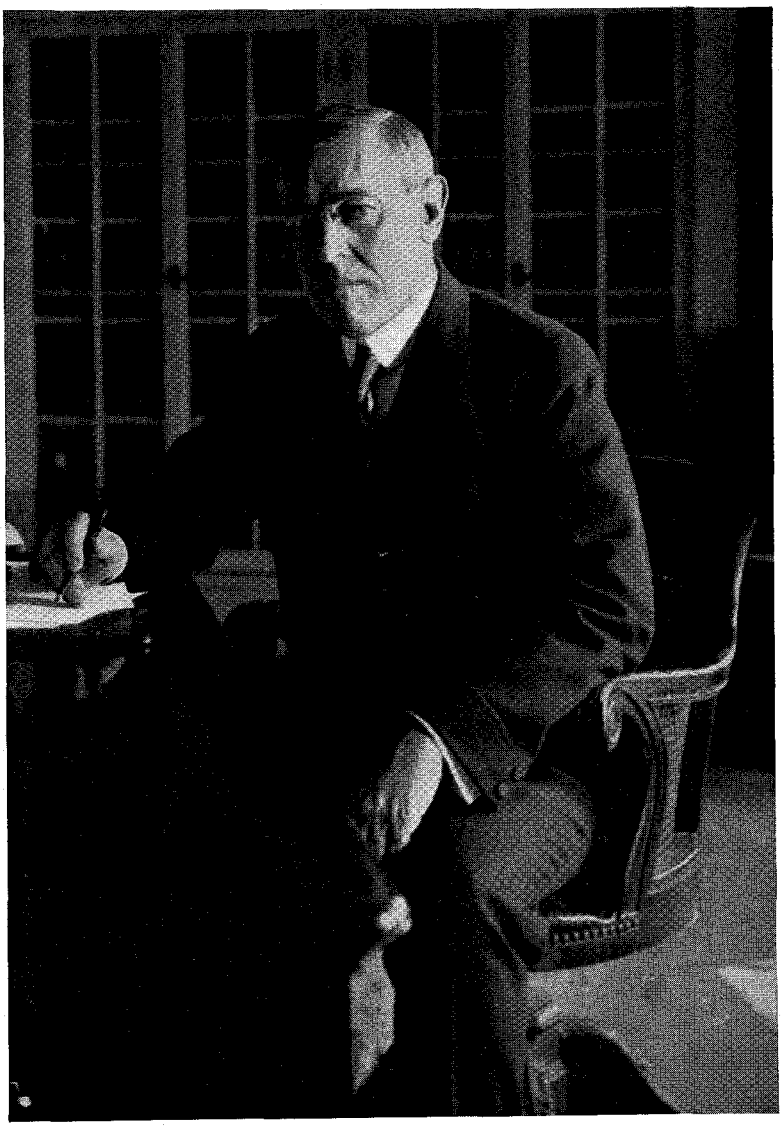

WOODROW WILSON

At his desk in the White House, Henry van Dyke calls the ex-President, in this issue of THE FORUM, *a "single-star mind"*

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